

The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, MARCH 27, 1902

2815

Now Is The Time

To come in for your SPRING SUITS and COATS. Our stocks are in better condition than they will be at any other time this season. We are showing a superb collection of....

Tailored Gowns
— at —
\$25, \$30, \$35

Short Coats
— from —
\$7.50 up

Long Coats
— from —
\$15.00 up

When in Detroit you are cordially invited to come in and look over the new styles whether you are ready to purchase or not.

**The
E. M. Bigsby
Co.,
DETROIT**

File No. 9024 12-415

Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Washtenaw—Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, made on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1902, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of William H. Lowden, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 29th day of July next, and that such claims will be heard before said court on the 29th day of April and on the 29th day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, January 25th, A. D. 1902
WILLIS L. WATKINS
Judge of Probate

John P. Kirk, atty.-at-law, Savings Bank Block.

Commissioners Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—COUNTY OF WASHTENAW—The undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Cornelia Sprague late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at law office of John P. Kirk in the City of Ypsilanti, in said County, on the 7th day of June and on the 8th day of September next, at 10 o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated Ypsilanti, March 7th, 1902.
ERED W. GREEN,
FRANK E. KIRK,
Commissioners.

DON'T TOBACCO SPM and SMOKE Your Lifeaway!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking **NO-TO-BAG**, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over **500,000** cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and advice FREE. Address **STERLING REMEDY CO.**, Chicago or New York.

DRAGGED FOR HALF A BLOCK

Woman Hung on to a Moving Electric Car

A NARROW ESCAPE

No Blame is Attached to Anyone But the Woman Herself

A serious accident was narrowly averted on the 11:45 west bound electric car at the waiting room yesterday, as a lady attempted to board the car while it was in motion, with the result that she was dragged nearly half a block.

The car had left the double tracks in front of the waiting room, and the conductor chanced to be inside, so he did not see the woman's plight until she had been dragged over the pavement a considerable distance and even after his attention was attracted several seconds elapsed before the car could be brought to a stand still.

The woman hung on like grim death to the rear railing on the steps, not relaxing her grip until the car stopped, although the sensation of being swept over the pavement with the ever-present chance of swinging under the wheels, must have been anything but pleasant.

The accident was witnessed by several spectators, who agreed that no blame attached itself to the conductor, who remained on the platform until the car was well under motion. The lady, they said, ran and caught the railing while the car was in comparatively rapid motion.

SHE MARRIED KILPATRICK

FINALE IN THE PERPETUAL INJUNCTION CASE.

Mrs. Charles Young Becomes Mrs. Foster Kilpatrick and will Live in Traverse City.

The celebrated Charles Young's "perpetual injunction" case has its finale, as the divorced wife has married Foster Kilpatrick, whom she has perpetually enjoined from talking to or in any way communicating with.

The wedding took place at Windsor, Tuesday, March 11, and has been kept a profound secret, the husband having returned in a day or two to Traverse City, his present home, and the wife returning to live with the family of Gilbert Brown on the east side.

Mrs. Kilpatrick refused to either affirm or deny the report of the marriage, although she admitted having written a letter within the past week which she signed "Mrs. Kilpatrick," and that Kilpatrick was in Ypsilanti about the time of the 11th, but Gilbert Brown unhesitatingly told the whole story.

"Kilpatrick came down from Traverse City on Saturday, the 8th; they

were married at Windsor on Tuesday," he said, "and after staying here with his wife for a couple of days he went back to Traverse City. She is tired of the notoriety she has been given, and has made up her mind to say nothing more for the papers."

Mr. Brown said that Mrs. Kilpatrick will remove to Traverse City the last of the week, taking with her three of the five children, the other two being in the possession of Youngs.

Mr. Kilpatrick has been involved in a suit over a sewing machine with Youngs' relatives, and may be detained for a time in Ypsilanti. As soon as possible, however, she will shake the dust of this part of Michigan from her shoes, and begin life anew, forgetting the days of the "perpetual injunction."

Youngs looks on the marriage as proof positive that his "injunctions" was called for, but Mrs. Kilpatrick insists that she did not begin to entertain tender feelings toward Kilpatrick until after Youngs had begun to make trouble and to hold her up to ridicule.

Shortly after the celebrated order was issued by Judge Kinne the wife left home and later secured a divorce.

WILD RIDE WITH RUNAWAY TEAM

Eugene Baumstark, a 14-year-old lad, figured as the hero in an exciting runaway Monday afternoon and in consequence is nursing a bruised wrist.

The driver of the Westfall baggage wagon left his team standing at the Michigan Central depot for a few moments about 5:30 o'clock, and suddenly the horses started down River street at a smart pace. Young Baumstark happened to be near and without a second's hesitation he ran up behind the wagon, leaped upon the platform and took possession of the reins.

He tugged in vain, for instead of coming to a halt the team accelerated their speed and were soon dashing down the street at a break-neck rate. At Congress street the horses started to turn, so the boy put forth an extra effort and guided them safely around the corner, although their speed was terrific. Up the hill to the bridge the course was continued, and on the west side of the bridge the horses swung to the right into the alley leading to their barn. They stopped, panting, at the barn door, and the brave young driver leaped down, tired and dusty, but triumphant in the realization that he had not lost his grip on the reins.

Baumstark's wrist was slightly bruised, but otherwise he was unharmed.

VERY LOW RATES.

during the months of March and April via Chicago & North-Western R'y; \$30.00 from Chicago to Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Ogden and Salt Lake City; \$30.50, Spokane; \$33.00, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Victoria and a large number of other points. Tourist Sleeping Cars every day from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. For maps and particulars apply to nearest ticket agent, or address W. H. Guerin, 17 Campus Martius, Detroit, Mich. 9w11

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cures constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fails, druggists refund money.

PRICE OF MEAT SOARS UPWARD

Butchers of Ypsilanti Form a Combine

AND BOOST PRICES

The Increase Ranges From 1½ to 2½ Cents a Pound

The butchers of the city have agreed upon a substantial increase in the price of meat of all descriptions, and the new schedule has been put into immediate effect.

The increase is as follows: One and a half cents each on pork chops, pork steak, round steak, ribs of beef for roasting, whole hams; one cent on pork shoulder steak, pork sausage, ribs of beef, flank beef and bacon; two cents on sirloin and porterhouse steak; two and a half cents on bologna and ham sausage and frankfurts.

The reason for the raise, the butchers say, is that the wholesale price of meat has gone way up since January, and is now at figures that leave no profit at their old scale of retail prices. Even by the new schedule meat is, however, cheaper at Ypsilanti than at Detroit or Ann Arbor, say the butchers.

MORE ROUTES FOR YPSILANTI

The Ypsilanti postoffice expects to have the following two additional rural free delivery routes, which have been recommended by the inspector:

ROUTE 4.

Leave the city on Congress street west by the fair ground road to the J. L. Hunter farm, thence south to the Begole school house, west to Hon. A. Campbell's corner, south one mile, east on the Milton Begole road to the Saline road, south by Hadley Webb's to York town line, west on the town line one and one half miles to Hinckley's corner, north to electric road, northeasterly to C. H. Roberts' corner, north to Carpenter's corner, east to Ypsilanti township line, north to middle Ann Arbor road, back to Carpenter's corner, north by the Geddesburg road to Geddes, then following the south river road to Ypsilanti, excepting a by trip to Lowell and back. Distance, 24½ miles. Families served, 116.

ROUTE 5.

Leave the city on Congress street east, passes along the east city line to Glover's corner, then east to John Waterbury's east line, south across Tuttle bridge to the south river road, easterly to Amerman's corner, south by Hon. Henry Stumpfenhusen's farm to J. Wright's corner, west to J. Wise's corner, south to Augusta town line, west one mile to the Friends' church, south to the old Whittaker's corner, south to Island school house, north to F. H. Horner's corner, west one mile, south to Hon. J. K. Campbell's south line, west to Barr's old hall, northeasterly to Hon. J. L. Lowden's corner, west to Pittsfield town line, north on that line to the Saline road, then on that road into the city. Distance, 23 miles. Families served, 122.

OWEN SAYS HE WILL GIVE TITLE

T. C. Owen was asked Monday if the liens on the proposed Normal science building site have been dismissed, but he refused to answer questions except by the general statement that he will fulfill all agreements made with the state board of education and the committee from the council.

"One of the agreements was to give a clear title of the land," said the reporter. "Doesn't that mean that the liens will be dismissed?"

"I will only say as I did before, that I will fulfill all agreements in regard to the sale of the land, so you can make of it what you please."

City Attorney Green says that the tangle will be straightened out, and that the city will buy the land and turn it over to the state board of education for a site for the science building.

In addition to the liens, which amount to about \$1,000, there is a mortgage on the property of \$2,500, which must also be raised before the land can be sold to the city.

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of itching piles. Yet there's a cure. Doan's Ointment never fails.

Lacking suitable shed room, I have nineteen good two-year-old feeding steers to sell. I am located 1 mile west of Sheldons, ½ mile north of electric line.

15

A. W. WOODBURY.

WE ARE HOUSECLEANING

painting, decorating and fixing things up generally. We are doing it early, so that when you are ready to do your spring house cleaning, we won't have a thing to do except to help you. You will need a good many new things and we'd like you to buy them here. We will make and lay your carpets, hang your curtains, and help you in many ways.

Our stock of House Furnishings is complete.

Ingrain Carpets, every pattern new from 45c to 75c MADE.

Best All-Wool Ingrain Rugs 70c sq. yard.

Carpet sizes in Moquette and Velvet Rugs.

50 Rolls Matting, 15c to 50c per yard.

Linoleums, 48c and 58c square yard.

Lace Curtains, 75c to \$9.50 a pair.

Good Muslin Curtains, 39c a pair.

Silkolines, 8c, 10c 12½c.

CURTAIN MUSLINS, a very Choice Line.

FANCY DENIMS, DAMASK SPREADS, COUCH COVERS, DAMASK and ROPE PORTIERS.

Come and see us before you clean house, we will certainly make the task easier for you.

DAVIS & KISHLAR

This is a Good Time to Purchase

WALL PAPER

In looking over my stock I find many patterns nearly sold out, and to close out will make

EXCEPTIONAL PRICES

I can furnish good workmen now without danger of delay. You can save money by early attention to business. Please call.

Remember also that everything in the Drug Department is handled with the greatest care. Prescriptions compounded with accuracy and at Fair Prices at

FRANK SMITH'S

On The Run After Our

40 and 50c JAPAN TEA

Finest for the price in the city., Elegant Flavor and Beautiful Color in the cup. Also bring in your jug and get a gallon of that FANCY OPEN KETTLE NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES Can't Be Beat.

FOR SALE BY

A. A. GRAVES THE GROCER
THE WHITE FRONT,
105 CONGRESS STREET, BELL PHONE 124

...THE... EASTER SHOWING

All this week we invite attention to the wanted things for Easter outfitting. The different lines of merchandise are displayed to the best advantage; qualities are reliable, styles are correct, prices most reasonable.

Take it all in all, it is the best Spring Showing ever attempted by this shop. You will find this offering of

TAILOR-MADE SUITS, SKIRTS, SPRING RAGLANS, WAISTS, UNDERMUSLINS, KID GLOVES and LADIES' NECKWEAR

of special interest this week.

The **EASTER SELLING** marks the official Opening of the new season, and your presence is invited.

DRY GOODS NOVELTIES CLOAKS **BERTH. COMSTOCK** 128 CONGRESS STREET



IS IT THE
MERCHANT
TAILOR-MADE
SUIT
THAT YOU
WANT TO
WEAR THIS
SPRING?

IF SO COME
TO US AND
WE WILL
SELL YOU
AN

**L. ADLER
BROS. &
CO.'S**

MERCHANT
TAILORED
SUIT.



SULLIVAN-COOK Co.
CLOTHIERS
Ypsilanti - - - Michigan

MAY LOSE A GOOD FACTORY

Pontiac is After One of Ypsilanti's Industries

TABLES CAN BE TURNED

And a Larger Pontiac Plant Can be Brought to Ypsilanti

Ypsilanti stands a good chance of losing one of its manufacturing interests, the Ypsilanti Manufacturing Co., which has been absorbed by the Cannon metal works of Pontiac, with the expectation of the plant being moved bodily to Pontiac.

The Cannon metal works is yet in its infancy, and the officers say they would be willing to locate in Ypsilanti if the city would give them buildings and possibly see that a certain amount of stock was taken by Ypsilantians.

The Ypsilanti Manufacturing Co. is a partnership concern, owned by I. N. Swift and J. S. Moon, and the arrangement is that the metal works will take their plant and continue the business, both partners to receive as equivalent stock in the Pontiac company, and J. S. Moon, the manager of the Ypsilanti company to be given the management of the combined business.

Manager Moon said to a reporter Friday that the Cannon metal works, which was formed in November, has devoted its energies thus far principally to experimenting and to perfecting its product, which is heavy wheels for trucks, etc., but that as soon as it can get buildings, either at Ypsilanti or Pontiac, it will commence operations on a large scale, from the start employing from 100 to 150 men, and then gradually increasing the force as operations are extended. The concern already has an immense business, in sight, declares Mr. Moon, and will in a comparatively short time develop into a substantial industry working from 400 to 500 men. There are only three other companies manufacturing large wheels, and their forces run from 600 to 1,500 men, which makes the outlook especially encouraging to the Cannon Co., as it makes an improved wheel, which may be taken apart easily and be repaired for the cost of the broken parts, and which may be made cheaper than competing wheels.

Manager Moon has laid the matter before Mayor Thompson, with the idea that Ypsilanti may care to offer the consolidated business a plant, and bring the industry to Ypsilanti.

The Ypsilanti Manufacturing Co. has a force of 20 men and its average wage is higher than that of any other concern in the city, says the manager, as it employs molders, finishers and mechanics, while the Cannon Co. will give its men even better pay. The local labor union is complaining that the Reed Furniture Co. has work principally for boys, but no such objection could be registered against the metal works.

All the company would ask from the city would be suitable buildings, but in addition, said Mr. Moon, it might be necessary to sell \$25,000 or \$30,000 worth of stock in the city, as some of the Pontiac shareholders would not consent to removing the plant unless they could dispose of their interests, which they took in large measure to encourage home industries.

The Cannon metal works is capitalized at \$300,000.

WOMEN AND JEWELS.

Jewels, candy, novelties—these are the order of a woman's preferences. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive dread disease from the system. It is not a cure-all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds, and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. Green's reliable remedies at any drug store. Get Green's Special Almanac.

HELPLESS MAN BURNED TO DEATH

JAMES D. GREEN MET WITH AN AWFUL END

The Paralytic's Clothes Caught on Fire—His Limbs Burned Almost to a Crisp

One of the most shocking fatalities in the history of Ypsilanti occurred Friday afternoon about 3:45 o'clock, when James D. Green, for the past 14 years a helpless paralytic, was burned to death in his chair.

The only way of accounting for the fire is that in attempting to light his pipe Mr. Green dropped a match upon his clothing, or spilled hot coals, for but a few moments before the alarm he was lying quietly in his chair by Mrs. John Baxter, who with her husband cared for him at their home on Harriet street.

THEY CRUSH THE POWERS

This is written in mid-October. The long, oppressive summer is quite gone. Fading leaf, withering tree and the rustling corn in the fields are signs of the season. Fog, frost, rain, snow,—they are coming. You remember last winter; of 1900 and 1901. The weather was cruel. Ah! the thousands it killed, and the hundreds of thousands it maimed and crippled. Oh, the rough grasp it laid on men at work, women at home, and children in cribs and cradles. Coughs that began before Thanksgiving Day are racking and tearing them still; yes, and growing worse as they dig deeper into the poor, tired throat and lungs. Many were cured by using Benson's Porous Plasters. For the soothing and healing power of these Plasters is wonderful. They conquer the complaints.

THAT ARE KILLING THE PEOPLE.

No other plaster, no other medicine or application, can compare with them. Coughs, colds, backache, rheumatism, lumbago, kidney and liver troubles, asthma, influenza,—they all go down before Benson's Plasters like a snow image in the sun. You can't throw money away on a Benson's Plaster. Everybody is going to use them this season. But make certain you get the genuine. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each. Seabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N.Y.

Mrs. Baxter sat with a friend, Mrs. Shoop, of Belleville, two rooms removed from where the helpless man lay, but although the doors were open between the rooms she did not hear an unusual sound and had no warning of the terrible accident until smoke began to appear.

In answer to her screams Walter Tripp, who lives across the street from the Baxter house, and C. M. Swart of Detroit, an agent who happened to be talking with Tripp, rushed in and in a few moments extinguished the flames which rose to the height of several feet from the body as it lay in the wheel chair.

The clothing was entirely gone and the body was frightfully burned, the limbs being reduced to almost a crisp. The fire department was summoned, but the damage to the room was slight, not exceeding a few dollars.

Mr. Green was the brother of Prof. Green of Ann Arbor, who for years had supported him in his helplessness. The remains were taken in charge by Undertaker McElcheran and McAndrew, who removed them to their establishment.

No blame is ascribed to Mrs. Baxter, who had cared for her helpless charge with great tenderness for many years. In addition to his physical infirmities the invalid's mind had long been affected.

THE VICE OF NAGGING.

Clouds of the happiness of the home, but a nagging woman often needs help. She may be so nervous and run-down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness, constipation or fainting and dizzy spells, she needs Electric Bitters, the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous troubles, backache and weak kidneys have used it, and become healthy and happy. Try it. Only 50c. C. W. Rogers & Co. and Duane Spalsbury guarantee satisfaction.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Casper's Sarsaparilla cures all kidney ills. Sarsaparilla. Add. St. Louis Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y.

HOME AND CHILD

Does your horse "feel his oats"? What a difference between the grain-fed and the grass-fed horse! The first strong and full of ginger, the second flabby, weak and tired out before he begins. The feeding makes the difference.

Children are not alike either. One is rosy, bright-eyed, full of life and laughter, another is pale, weak and dull. The feeding again is responsible.

Sickly children need special feeding. They don't "feel their oats". Scott's Emulsion adds just the right richness to their diet. It is like grain to the horse. The child gets new appetite and strong digestion.

Scott's Emulsion is more than food. It is a strong medicine. It rouses up dull children, puts new flesh on thin ones and red blood into pale ones. It makes children grow. Scott's Emulsion makes ordinary food do its duty.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE,
409 Pearl St., New York.
50c and \$1. all druggists.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Winter Twilight.

Snow a-sleepin' in de holler,
Jes de same es on de hill;
Twilight sawt of broodin' down
Everything so soft an' still;
Possum runnin' 'mongst de saplin's,
Ziggy zaggin' on his trail;
Streak ob white shoots 'cross his pathway,
Hi yi! No good cottontail!
Wind a-sighin' 'tween de branches,
Stabs will peep out putty soon,
An' de snow will be a-gleamin'
Underneat de silvuh moon.
—Ohio State Journal.

Not a Common One.

"I am told, sir, that you spoke of me as a common lar."

"Whoever told you that, sir, must have been trying to break it to you gently. I said you were a whole bureau of statistics."—Chicago Tribune.

CAN'T KEEP IT SECRET.

The splendid work of Dr. King's New Life Pills is daily coming to light. No such grand remedy for Liver and Bowel troubles was ever known before. Thousands bless them for curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Jaundice and Indigestion. Try them. 25c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Duane Spalsbury's drug stores.

For Concentration.

Desmond—If you buy this elegant fur coat, Dorothy, how are we ever going to pay for it?

Dorothy—Oh, Desmond, don't let's talk about two things at once! Let's talk about the coat.—Life.

Lawyers Happy.

In toiling for money
His whole life was spent,
And when it was won
To the next life he went.
Then his relatives quarreled
For every cent.
Till there wasn't enough
For his own monument.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sugar-coated Tablets. 50c. Sold by
Mrs. W. H. Leavitt, 1418 St. St., Pontiac, Mich.
W. R. Bosh, Central, Ill.
R. C. Green, Grand Ave., Waukegan, Ill.
S. J. Bosh, 1000 Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill.
J. P. Coffey, broker, 30 Bank St., Lorain, Ohio.
Mr. E. E. Beckman, 114 Broadway, Lorain, Ohio.

MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

Perhaps He's Penniless.

"I wonder who this man is who wants to know whether or not life is worth living?"

"Oh, probably some fellow who has more money than he knows what to do with."—Life.

The Coming Test.

Anxious Young Man—Camilla, is your love for me absolutely dead?

Beautiful Maiden—It is, Philip, I have applied the cyanide of potassium test, and it does not respond.—Chicago Tribune.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

House on Hawkins street, with one-half acre of land, good well and cistern. Price reasonable to right parties. Enquire of John Baxter, 445 Harriet street. Phone 358-2R. 14

Cupid's Sealed Proposal.

Love with Cupid is a business; contracts are at his disposal. When the bargain is made, in bliss he re-enters (with fervor) kiss! What is called "a sealed proposal."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Boston Matrons.

Mrs. Rose—Carrie says that Mr. Settle is the best man in all the world.

Mrs. Sage—That's what a woman always thinks of the first man who takes notice of her.—Boston Transcript.

Sometimes the sight of food nauseates you; your tongue is coated, your breath is foul and headaches come and go. All these are symptoms of disease. The trouble is in your stomach. Stum-Ac-Oids act like magic, curing any and all of these disorders in a few hours. Tablets 50 cents. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

Now's the time, spring time. Take Rocky Mountain Tea; keep the whole family well. A great medicine for spring tiredness. 35c. Morford & Smith.

NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE

If you are wet and feel chilled to the bone, after a tramp through a storm. Get into dry clothes at once and warm your insides with a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Painkiller, in hot water, with a little sugar. Thus you will avoid a cold, and, possibly, a long sickness. The precaution is worth while. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

Sweet Marie Up to Date.

There was a sweet maid named Marie,
Whose motto was "Take all you see."
She went into a store,
Furnished things by the score;
Then an officer said, "Come with me."
—New York Telegraph.

The Matter.

"And you declined to marry her simply on account of her birth. What was the matter with it?"

"Oh, nothing; only it happened too long ago."—Baltimore World.

Women love a clear, healthy complexion. Pure blood makes it. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood.

Woman's Reason.

"Why do you talk so much?" ma cried, reproving little May.

"I s'pose it's cause," the child replied, "I've got so much to say."
—Philadelphia Press.

Get What You Ask For!

When you ask for Cascarets Candy Cathartic be sure you get them. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. A substitutor is always a cheat and a fraud. Beware! All druggists, 10c.

THE BURNS MAY BE FATAL

Mrs. Richard Kellogg Started a Bon Fire

CLOTHES CAUGHT ABLAZE

When Doctor Reached Her, the Heart Action Had Nearly Ceased

Mrs. Richard Kellogg, the wife of a well known farmer of Ypsilanti township, was seriously if not fatally burned Thursday while making a bonfire on the Kellogg farm on the south Ann Arbor road.

She had lighted one end of a pile of leaves and was leaning forward to apply a second match, when her dress was blown into the flames.

In an instant she was a pillar of fire and before help arrived the entire upper portion of her body was terribly burned.

When Dr. J. M. Hueston arrived heart action had ceased and it was only by resorting to nitroglycerine that she was revived.

Her sufferings are terrible and her condition is critical in the extreme.

Dr. Hueston said to a reporter that the accident should be a warning to women, not to light fires in the open air, where the wind is liable to blow their garments into the flames. In his professional experience he has had a number of just such cases, many having proved fatal.

LOCKJAW FROM COBWEBS.

Cobwebs put on a cut lately gave a woman lockjaw. Millions know that the best thing to put on a cut is Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the infallible healer of Wounds, Ulcers, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Burns, Scalds and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Duane Spalsbury's drug stores.

A COMMUNICATION ALL SHOULD READ

Ypsilanti, March 22, 1902.

Mr. Editor:

Dear Sir—Much talk has been heard of late on the desirability of eliminating partisanship from our city elections. There can be no doubt that if such a condition could be brought about a much better management of our municipal affairs would result. An article published recently in the Times proposing a mass meeting to choose a man to head a citizens' ticket for mayor and confining the choice to two, and naming as such Ald. Gaudy and ex-Mayor Scovill, seems in the judgment of the writer ill-advised. Such a meeting should certainly be left untrammeled and free to choose from the great body of our citizens. Those who see in Mayor Thompson's efforts to locate factories here much to commend and they are quite numerous should have an opportunity of voicing their approval, while they who are opposed to his conduct of the city government on other lines, and they are also quite as numerous if not more so than the others and should be accorded the same privilege. Ald. Gaudy, while a man of undoubted probity and ability can hardly be considered a logical candidate at this time when the condition of our city calls for the loyalty and best efforts of its citizens public and private to induce manufacturing enterprises to locate here and fill some of the numerous empty houses now to be seen on every hand. Ald. Gaudy, though owing his success in business to the people of Ypsilanti, has struck a serious blow to our prosperity by removing his candy factory to Ann Arbor. It is also unfortunate that another member of our board of aldermen should be associated with him in this disloyal undertaking. There are also good reasons to urge against the candidacy of Mr. Scovill. The most feasible and effective way to discard politics in our civic affairs would be to lay aside party names, let one be called "People's ticket" and another "Citizens' ticket." Should Mr. Thompson's friends have sufficient strength to place his name at the head of one, the opposition then should unite on a head for the other. Ex-Mayor Davis would be a candidate of whom nothing derogatory could be said. The field is large and no trouble will be met when the choice of candidates is not restricted to party lines. The proposition should include justices, supervisors and constables. The democrats in the first judicial district have not for several years past put anyone against the present efficient Supervisor Damon, who is now credited with a desire to succeed Justice Childs. Good aldermanic material could safely be chosen from the following names: First ward—Guy Davis, Frank Stowell, Geo. Palmer, O. A. Ainsworth, M. Dawson and D. L. Quirk, jr. Second ward—W. J. Clarke, C. D. O'Connor, G. P. Walterhouse and Chas. King. Third ward—Ald. Stevens, C. L. Yost, John G. Lamb, Wm. Deubel, E. P. Allen and A. A. Van Cleave. Fourth ward—Ald. Colby, Shelly Hutchinson, Stephen Hutchinson, Ben Thompson and Jos. McGrath. Fifth ward—Ald. Moore, Frank Newton, Wm. Beardsley, George Gill and Mr. Voorheis.

Rocky Mountain Tea taken now will keep the whole family well. If it fails, bring it back and get your cash. 35c. Morford & Smith.

He Took the Hint.

Visitor—That nice looking prisoner declares life was brought to this place by evil associates.

Warden—That's an infernal lie. I brought him here myself.

We sat at the table together,
She cast a sly glance over at me.
She certainly looked like an angel.
Oh, Charley! Please order me Rocky Mountain Tea.
Morford & Smith.

Your Tongue

If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver is out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers. SOLETS OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. D. HALL & CO., BOSTON, N. H.

L. S. & M. S. R. R.

YPSILANTI BRANCH.

Freight	Exp.	STATIONS	Exp.	Freight
1 40pm	9 05am	Ypsilanti	4 55pm	12 35pm
2 03pm	9 19am	Pittsfield Jct.	4 38pm	11 40am
2 25pm	9 27am	Saline	4 28pm	11 22am
2 45pm	9 38am	Bridgewater	4 14pm	10 53am
3 03pm	10 00am	Manchester	3 53pm	10 17am
4 04pm	10 38am	Brooklyn	3 23pm	9 00am
4 56pm	10 49am	Woodstock	3 11pm	8 45am
5 23pm	11 07am	Jerome	2 53pm	8 15am
5 39pm	11 17am	No. Adams	2 39pm	8 02am
6 00pm	11 35am	Hillsdale	2 23pm	7 40am
7 00pm	7 10pm	Chicago	3 30am	3 00am
11 00pm	2 20pm	Toledo	10 30am	6 55pm
2 15am	5 40pm	Cleveland	6 30am	3 00pm
6 50am	10 10pm	St. Paul	12 40am	7 55am

All trains daily except Sunday.
F. M. BROWN.

Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.
Sold everywhere in case-all sizes.
Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

opinion this is the only course to pursue to bring about a non-partisan conduct of our city business, and if the desire is sufficiently strong let it be made known at once through the press and on the streets.

Yours truly for good civic government.

Citizen and Large Taxpayer.

Every family should have its household medicine chest, and the first bottle in it should be Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's remedy for coughs and colds.

STRIKE ON AT SCHARF FACTORY

The Men Wanted \$2 More Per Week

THE COMPANY REFUSED

Nine Men and Two Boys Quit Leaving the Force Crippled

There is a strike on at the Scharf Tag, Label & Box company. Friday afternoon a demand was made upon the company by the men in the composing room, of a portion of them, for an increase of wages. The men asked for an increase from \$10 to \$12 a week and from 20 to 25 cents per thousand ems for piece work. The company refused to grant the demands made by the men, so nine men and two boys quit work last night when 6 o'clock arrived.

The men sent a petition to Manager Sullivan at 2 o'clock, stating what they wanted and gave the company until 6 o'clock to reply. They stated they would quit at that time if their demands were not complied with.

The manager replied that in view of the keen competition the demands of the men could not be complied with, and consequently the men went off duty at 6 o'clock and did not put in an appearance Saturday morning.

The men claim they are entitled to the increase both on account of their workmanship and by the schedule paid certain others in the shop. Manager Sullivan said to a reporter that the men are not highly skilled workmen and were consequently getting all they earned and all the company could afford to pay. He thinks the company will have no trouble in filling the places of the men. Of course the men do not agree with his view. It is reported that the company has taken steps to fill the places of the strikers. The strike leaves but few men on duty.

Rocky Mountain Tea taken now will keep the whole family well. If it fails, bring it back and get your cash. 35c. Morford & Smith.

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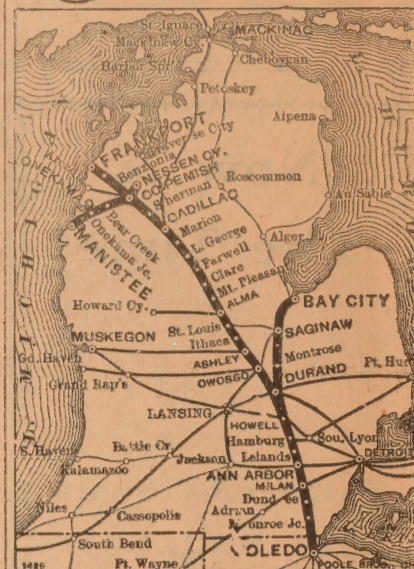
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6 50am	10 10pm	St. Paul	12 40am	7 55am

All trains daily except Sunday.
F. M. BROWN.

TOLEDO ANN ARBOR AND NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY.



Trains leave Ann Arbor as follows:
NORTHBOUND: 8 43 am, 12 15 pm, 4 30 pm, 7 30 am, 8 40 pm
SOUTHBOUND: 7 30 am, 11 25 am, 8 40 pm
* Between Toledo and Ann Arbor only.
All trains daily except Sunday.
W. H. BENNETT, G. P. A., Toledo, O.
E. S. GILMORE, Agent, Ann Arbor.

YPSILANTI SAVINGS BANK

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Gripes. 10, 25, and 50 cent boxes. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

Primroses.

Having a large lot on hand, which I do not wish to carry over, I offer my

Choice Primroses

At a reduction of one-fourth from regular value. Come and see them and you will buy.

G. F. KRZYSSKE,
State Phone 26. FLORIST

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily

Diamond Special

THOMPSONS FILE A LIEN

On the Owen Property to be
Bought by City

CHARGES OF A DEAL

Is Denied by the Thompsons
—The Mayors Sons Said
to Have Approached
Rich. Owens

Friday morning's Detroit Tribune
contained the following dispatch:

Ypsilanti, Mich., March 21.—Citizens of Ypsilanti who have been working for the appropriation of \$6,000 by the municipality for the gift of a site to the State Normal for a new science building, have about made up their minds that such a donation will be impossible to attainment. It had been generally understood that the last municipal election, when, by an overwhelming majority the friends of the Normal carried their point in the authorizing of the appropriation, has settled the matter. A committee of the council picked the Owen site as the proper location for the building and, after many previous disappointments, the deal was understood to have been consummated. Now, however, another obstacle has been thrown in the way of the appropriation, and it comes from the mayor of the city.

Yesterday it was announced that Mayor Thompson's firm—O. E. Thompson & Sons, had secured a lien of \$400 on the Owen land, and other liens have been put on the property, making a total claim of almost \$1,000 on the piece which the city is about to buy for \$6,000.

The Thompson lien has given rise to open accusation of a deal, whereby the Thompsons are alleged to have promised to work the purchase of the property through the council on condition that Mr. Owen would settle an old bill of \$400, the lien being accounted for on the grounds that Thompson and Owen fell out over some litigation disadvantageous to the latter some time ago and that Owen, in anger, declared he wouldn't pay a cent, which forced the Thompsons to make a lien on the land.

The Thompsons strenuously deny that there has ever been any kind of an understanding with Owen. It is said, however, that the Thompsons went to Rich Owen and offered to release the judgment against Tubal C. Owen providing he would sign a note, the impression being at the time that Rich Owen had the deeds of the property sought to be conveyed to the city.

The probabilities are that this land will eventually come into the possession of the Normal college.

WOULD SMASH THE CLUB.

If members of the "Hay Fever Association" would use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the club would go to pieces, for it always cures this malady—and Asthma, the kind that baffles the doctors—it wholly drives from the system. Thousands of once-hopeless sufferers from Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, etc., have found health and life. It conquers Grip, saves little ones from Croup and Whooping Cough and is positively guaranteed for all Throat and Lung troubles. 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at A. C. Schumacher's, bottles free at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Duane Spaulding's.

Get two dollars' worth for one by paying your subscription to the Sentinel-Commercial in advance and securing one of the fine new maps of Michigan and the world free.



The diver dies without air to breathe. The consumptive dies without lungs to breathe the air, or of lungs rendered incapable of breathing by disease. The blood as it flows in and out of the lungs indicates the consumptive's progress. As the lungs grow weaker less oxygen is inhaled and the blood changes from scarlet to purple. Oxygen is the life of the blood as the blood is the life of the body.

The effect of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery upon weak lungs is to strengthen them, to enable the full oxygenation of the blood, arrest the progress of disease, and heal the inflamed tissues. Lung diseases have been and are being cured by "Golden Medical Discovery," in cases where deep-seated cough, frequent hemorrhage, emaciation, weakness, and night-sweats have all pointed to a fatal termination by consumption.

"Some years ago I was almost a helpless victim of that dread disease—consumption," writes Mr. Chas. Pross, E. M., of Silka, White Co., Ind. "I was confined to my room for several months; my friends and neighbors had given up all hope of my recovery, until one day a friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and after I had taken the contents of the second bottle I began to improve. After taking six bottles I was, I honestly believe, delivered from the grave and entirely cured. I am now a strong and hearty man."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system from accumulated impurities.

The Spur FOR A Thoroughbred

By
WILLIS EMERY

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Frederick R. Toombs

It was salary day, and Paul Haven was waiting near the cashier's window while some of the chief men connected with the mechanical departments of the magazine were drawing their pay. Haven was the editor, a position which had highly gratified his young ambition when he had obtained it, about six months before the date of this narrative.

The business manager, Mr. Sunderland, beckoned from the door of his office, and Haven walked in that direction, but his eye was on the money window, and his air was that of a dog that is being drawn away from a bone.

"This is a great number," said Sunderland, taking up a copy of the last issue, just off the press; "the best we've ever got out. Fair lot of advertising, too, but collections"—He completed the sentence by throwing up both hands. "By the way, what's the least you can get along with? We are all holding ourselves right down until this pinch is over—that is, all of us who are vitally interested in the success of this venture. Those fellows have to be paid right along, of course."

There was an accent of contempt in his tone as he jerked his thumb toward the mere mechanical individuals who were sordidly thrusting greenbacks into their pockets.

"I haven't drawn a full salary in eight weeks," said Haven, with a groan, "and I'm down to the hole in the bottom of my pocket—down through it into my trousers leg, by jingo!"

"Is it so?" replied Sunderland, laughing in a confidential fashion. "Too much brain, too much brain! You little money count. But, between ourselves, I'm in a good deal the same fix myself. However, that doesn't matter. We'll have to take care of you. Will—will about \$5 see you through?"

Haven's nominal wage was \$50 per week, and he had a considerable balance in his favor on the books, but he had learned the futility of arguing with Sunderland.

"I suppose so," he said. The business manager slapped him cordially on the shoulder, and in so doing gently turned him around so that he faced the door.

"All right, my boy," said he in the most friendly fashion. "I'll see that you get it tomorrow."

Haven, with his hands in his pockets, clutching cold keys and a lucky piece that was a counterfeit in lead, remained dazed for some seconds, and when he turned about Sunderland was deep in conversation with the cashier, who had dodged in through the other door.

The young man walked out of the office without saying a word.

It was the luncheon hour, and Haven became immediately conscious of that preposterous, gnawing appetite which always assails a man who has not the wherewithal to buy food.

"I've got to raise some money somewhere," he said, speaking aloud with the intensity of his thought. "Where, in the name of all the gods?"

He had not been long in the city. His acquaintances were few outside the circle of contributors to the magazine's pages or waste paper basket. These persons, for a hundred reasons, beginning with the item that they had no money, were entirely out of the question in the present emergency.

Haven had pawned his watch to buy an overcoat in the days when he had first hoped for the editorship of the magazine, urged by an unseasonable cold wave and the necessity of impressing Mr. Sunderland. Later, when salary day became a "movable feast," several other articles of price had followed the watch into that bourn from which it is so hard for anything to return. There was an old fashioned ring, not without intrinsic value, on his finger, but there was also a girl in Philadelphia who had given him that ring in exchange for one of his.

"When I starve in the gutter," said the editor, clasping the ring with a firm grip, "this shall be found just where it is now."

At that instant his subconscious mind sent up the idea of George Osborne as if it had been a card on a salter. The subconscious mind always attends to business. It is not led away by sentimental considerations. It comes up to the surface from time to time to take note of the situation and then retires into its own secret place to ruminate upon the essential thing. We may or may not read its suggestions aright, but for a certainty it is the wisest part of us.

Haven received Osborne's name as a

hint in the matter of borrowing money. Osborne was in the publishing business, a man of comfortable means and a well regulated life. He had bought several short stories from Haven before the latter had taken the editorship of the magazine and had expressed a hearty appreciation of the young man's ability.

But Haven didn't wish to borrow money of Osborne. In the deepest parts of his mind he knew better. More superficially, he was aware that such a proceeding would be a bad introduction to a business scheme of some magnitude which he desired to propose to Osborne when it should be thoroughly worked up in his own intellect.

If he had not been so burdened with troubles, the perfecting of this scheme would have been, in Haven's opinion, an easy matter; but he had worried so much about his phantom salary and his too real expenses that it had seemed impossible for him to pull his mind together. Moreover, he was anxious on account of the young lady already mentioned. She and her mother were living upon a small income, which from certain causes was in danger of being reduced. Haven opened every letter from his sweetheart with fear and trembling, thinking that it would give him the news that the blow which he was wholly unable to parry had really fallen. There was no reason to dread actual calamity; they would still have enough to carry them along until he should be able to take the burden of their needs upon his willing shoulders. Still the prospect of any sorrow for Lottie Palmer was misery for Haven.

The young man was much embarrassed when he was ushered into Mr. Osborne's office, and he was perhaps the worse for an empty stomach. The publisher, a squarely built, hale and ruddy man of fifty years, sat by a broad oak table littered with books which had the look of philosophical works, and he himself had evidently been engaged upon some writing in that field of thought.

He greeted Haven with the frankest cordiality, very encouraging and yet humiliating, for this granting of equality made the young man's errand seem the meaner and the cheaper. Haven hesitated, and then his eye fell upon some money that lay on the table. The slight emphasis his need, and when Osborne put the money into his pocket Haven felt an absurd sense of loss.

"Mr. Osborne," he said, "I'm in a peck of trouble. I am a man hanging on to the tail of a bear. I want somebody to help me let go."

Then he proceeded to describe the situation of affairs on the magazine. "I can neither stay there nor quit," he said in conclusion. "For I haven't a penny. I haven't even the price of a luncheon."

Osborne laughed. It seemed to Haven an unkind thing to do. He said to himself that he hadn't made his case strong enough. He went over it again and added a few more troubles, whereat Osborne laughed again heartily and as if he expected Haven to laugh with him. But, suddenly observing the awful gloom that shrouded his visitor's countenance, he checked his laughter and said earnestly:

"My boy, you don't know what trouble is, and you'll never be good for anything until you do."

Haven was angry. It seemed easy for a man without a care to talk in this strain. The value of trouble as an architect of character is easy to see from the outside of the structure.

"I think you scarcely appreciate the difficulty," he said in an injured tone of voice. "I can't move. I'm tied hand and foot."

"You must move," said Osborne. "That is what we are here for—action, energy, conquest. Troubles? Why, my young friend, there are not enough of them. Your soul isn't getting the proper amount of exercise. The best people in this world have to go out looking for troubles for obstacles to throw out of their way."

"But what the d— I beg your pardon. What can a fellow do in this town without a cent? If I could show some independence over in my shop, I could bring them to terms, but they know how I am situated."

"Show it any-how!" cried Osborne. "Nobody can take away your independence. That's the gift of God, and it belongs to you. If Sunderland wants you, he'll find some way to pay you, or if he can't there are others who will. So long as you have something that the world wants you can get a price for it. But don't labor under the delusion that Sunderland and his magazine are the world."

"Precisely," said Haven in a weak, high pitched voice quite different from

his ordinary. "And if I had a little money!"

Osborne raised his right hand, with a quaint, pained gesture. "If you want me to lend you some," he said, "I tell you frankly that I won't do it. I like you first rate. I believe you're an honest, capable fellow with lots of good stuff in you, and I'll be hanged if I take any hand in spoiling such an excellent product of nature. Read the riot act to Sunderland, and if he doesn't disperse and lay down his arms then go and read it to somebody else."

Haven rose somewhat unsteadily and took up his hat from the table.

"I thank you," he said, "for your advice, with just a bit of emphasis on the last word. 'Good afternoon.'"

He went back to the office of the magazine. Sunderland had gone for the day. Haven paused in the outer doorway and was presently accosted by a truly wise young man who was connected with a large advertising agency. He had taken a fancy to Haven, and that was why he broke a very notable habit of reticence with these words spoken in a low tone:

"Hunt cover! This shebang is gone up!" Haven paused.

"Do you mean it?" he gasped.

"Sure," said the young man. And he went his way.

Knowing him, Haven was well aware that he would not have spoken upon any other basis than that of absolute certainty. Haven walked hastily to the cashier's window. The man's face showed that he, too, knew the game was up.

"I can't do a thing for you," said he, "until Mr. Sunderland comes back."

"When will that be?"

"Well," said the cashier, with consideration, "it's uncertain. By the way, here's a letter for you."

It was from Philadelphia, addressed in the familiar writing so dear to his eyes. This time he felt no fear in opening the envelope; it was absolute certainty. The trend of events had become so plain that a gift of prophecy would have been superfluous. And yet he was not prepared for the full weight of the calamity.

"We have lost every penny," she wrote. "We were deceived. It was not a question of bad investment by our trustee. It was dishonesty. He has taken all we had and the property of others as well and has fled. The shock has made my mother very ill, and I am anxious about her. I tell you the truth, but you must not think I have lost my courage. In some way I will care for her and for myself."

She went on very bravely, urging him not to be alarmed; but there was no way of concealing the facts. The emergency was one that called upon him. Indeed it called so loudly that it waked the soul in his body.

"She will never need me more than she does now," he said. "If I can't marry her and care for her in this time of trouble, I have no right ever to think of doing it."

But he hadn't a penny, and the only person whom he might have thought of as a source of help had already refused him.

Yet in that very moment the subconscious mind was repeating Osborne's name with obstinate reiteration.

"He's the only man I know that's got any money," said Haven, "and I can't borrow of him. Then, by the Eternal, I've got to do business with him! I know, I absolutely know, that he will take up this plan of mine if I can only put it in shape. And I must. That's all there is about it."

He went up stairs to his office and remained there for an hour in a condition that his office boy took to be some strange and new form of intoxication. Concentration is the name of it, though the boy did not know that.

At the end of the hour Haven put on his hat very firmly, took up a piece of paper on which he had made some figures and walked out of the office.

"I've had it for months," he said to himself; "only I couldn't see it because I was looking at something else."

Mr. Osborne again received him with the same kindness and courtesy. On this occasion Haven did not suffer from hunger. He had forgotten that he had a stomach or anything else except a scheme—a business proposition. He laid it before Osborne with an incisiveness that was like points of pins that navigators drive into charts to mark the course.

The publisher scarcely said a word until all was over. Then he sat back in his chair, calmly adjusted his ample waistcoat and said:

"We'll go into it. How much do you want down?"

"Five hundred," said Haven. "And my salary is to start from today."

"All right. When shall I see you again?"

"Not before Tuesday," replied the young man. "I'm going over to Philadelphia to get married."

How Ancient Squared the Circle.

The rule given by Ahmes requires that the diameter of a circle shall be shortened by one-ninth and a square erected upon this shortened line. The area of such a square approximates the area of the circle, but, of course, is not exact and is not even as close as result as that at which other geometricalians have arrived.

The Babylonians, who were also great mathematicians, had a solution, to which a reference in the Talmud has been traced. The Babylonian method, however, was not a quadrature, but a rectification of the circumference.

GORDEN DEFENDS THE OPERATORS

Manager Gordon of the local telephone exchange said last week that the night telephone operator was unjustly blamed for the delay in getting word to the fire department of the arena fire.

"Policeman Ryan came right to the central office to report the fire," said Mr. Gordon, "but there was a little delay, as the night operator was just then answering several calls and was so frightened by his loud rapping on the door that it took her longer to let him in and give him the fire department than it would under ordinary circumstances. Some one rushed into the Dewey cafe and attempted to give the alarm, but it now developed that whoever he was he became so rattled that he took the receiver down and kept 'ginging' of course failing to get any answer. Central heard the first ring and asked the number, but couldn't find out what he wanted, and about this time Ryan began to pound in the door and call out that he wanted to be let in, with the result that the poor girl's nerves almost gave way. In the midst of it calls began to come in for the marshal and because the girl was following any instructions to let everybody else wait until fire alarms have been sent to the fire department, the water works and the fire chief's residence, she was sworn at by those after the marshal."

"The fire department got the alarm all right over the telephone, and it was not necessary to send a message, as was reported in the paper."

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over 60 years by millions for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind.

The Sentinel-Commercial is the best weekly paper published in the county.

Our Wurzburger is the Best

"IT IS IGNORANCE THAT WASTES
EFFORT." TRAINED SERVANTS USE

SAPOLIO

A LOVE STORY

Which Did Not End With
Wedding Chimes.

This is a modern love story, only possible in these times of broad education and high ideals. A young woman was left alone in the world by the death of her parents, both of whom were victims of consumption. She was amiable, beautiful and had many suitors, one of whom was the man she would have chosen above all others as her husband. But she brooded over the thought that she probably inherited from her parents the fatal disease—consumption. If she married she would, she reasoned, be perpetuating this disease in the children who might be given her, and so she resolved never to marry, turned away from the man she loved and disappeared from society to give herself up to nursing

and continued until I had taken twelve bottles. Now I do not look like nor feel like the same man as I was a year ago. People were astonished and said they did not think that I could live. I can thankfully say that I am entirely cured of a disease from which, had it not been for your wonderful 'Discovery,' I would have died."

What Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery did for Mr. Reed it has done for thousands of men and women who suffered as he did. There are strong men to-day who were once weak, emaciated, with scarce any hold on life. They were made strong by "Golden Medical Discovery." There are glad wives and happy mothers to-day, radiant with health, who were once coughing their lives away and were incapable of any enjoyment in life. They were cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"I want to say a word in favor of your grand medicine," writes Mrs. Priscilla Smail, of Leechburg, Armstrong Co., Pa. "About three years ago I was taken with a bad cough; had night-sweats; would take coughing spells and have to sit up in bed at night for an hour at a time. When I would walk up hill I could hardly breathe; would get all stopped up in my throat. I saw the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and decided to try it. I took three bottles, which cured me. Whenever people tell me they are sick I say to them, 'Why don't you get Dr. Pierce's medicine? It cured me and will cure others.'"

MAKE A TRIAL.

If your lungs are weak, if you are suffering from bronchitis, obstinate cough, bleeding lungs, night-sweats or emaciation, give Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a fair trial. It always helps. It almost always cures. It took twelve bottles to cure Mr. Reed, but note how he got faith in the possibility of a cure by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

"The first bottle I took did me so much good that I had faith in it, and continued until I had taken twelve bottles." That's generally the way. One or two bottles of "Golden Medical Discovery" give an appreciable gain in health so that the sick person is encouraged to persevere until a perfect and permanent cure is accomplished. Of course, some are slower than others in responding to the remedy. It must be expected that the smaller the spark of vitality the longer it will take to fan it into a flame. But for the comfort of everyone suffering from weak lungs or other diseases of the organs of respiration, it may be stated that no matter how bad the disease the record shows that in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a perfect and permanent cure. Give it a fair and faithful trial and it will cure you, too, unless you are one of those two in every hundred who can only be helped and not completely cured.

Keep the bowels healthy by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Don't be fooled in trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which no "just as good" medicine can show.

FREE DIAMONDS

might have a more attractive sound, but they would not have a greater value than Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work, containing more than a thousand large pages and over seven hundred illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Weak lungs can be made strong. Obstinate deep-seated coughs can be cured, and the clouds of consumption which darken many a life can be scattered.

"I feel it my duty to give my testimony in behalf of your great medicine," writes Mr. John T. Reed, of Jefferson, Co., Ark. "When I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I was very low with a cough, and would at times spit up blood. I was not able to do any work at all, and my head was dizzy. The first bottle I took did me so much good that I had faith in it

It CAN BE DONE.

Weak lungs can be made strong. Obstinate deep-seated coughs can be cured, and the clouds of consumption which darken many a life can be scattered.

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SEEMS TO HAVE WORKED WELL.

Now that more complete reports are at hand as to the working of the Burns primary election at Grand Rapids on Tuesday, the evidence seems to be that it worked well. It is said that W. N. Rogers, candidate for city attorney on the republican ticket, resorted to the usual methods for controlling nominations by conventions, that is, spent money freely to control the nomination. The other candidate for the nomination, Moses Taggart, did not spend any money, paid no attention to the supposedly important matter of looking after the saloon element, but resorted only to such methods as everyone acknowledges to be the most legitimate and proper. Mr. Taggart received the nomination at the hands of his fellow citizens by the highest vote received by any candidate on that ticket. His opponent who is said to have been liberal in taking care of the boys came no where near a nomination.

According to all reports the friends of the primary election law were on the whole pleased with its workings. It is acknowledged that in some minor particulars it should be changed, but these are matters of detail which are not difficult to remedy. A number of delegates from different parts of the state were on hand to watch its operation and appear to be encouraged with what they saw.

Reform of the primaries is undoubtedly one of the most important issues before the people today. There is an imperative necessity of bringing the government nearer the people. As administered today, our government is too much a government by bosses rather than by the people. And nothing is more certain than that the bosses can and will manipulate caucuses and conventions in their interests and away from the interests of the people. This is made much more difficult, if not impossible by the primary election. That the primary election machinery is looked upon by the bosses as being inimical to their calling is evidenced by the fact that nearly or quite all of them are opposed to it. That it clips the wings of the manipulator of the caucus and convention has been demonstrated in various sections of the country where it has been tried. In fact it leaves for that class as little to do as is left to that ilk at the popular elections under the Australian ballot. And everybody admits that the Australian ballot has done a great deal to purify the election and secure through this machinery the real views of the voters. If now the will of the voters can be arrived at as accurately in the make-up of the tickets, there will be a decided gain in bringing the direction of such matters nearer the people who are recognized by the theory of our government as being at the inception of all governmental action and policy.

The irrepressible conflict between General Miles and his superiors in the war department and the White House is still on. The good grey general in the midst of peace is always in war and the midst of war is in peace so far as his being permitted to get into the fight is concerned. Although at the head of the army during the Spanish-American war he was practically ignored. Any old advice was considered better than his and he was studiously kept where he could not do anything. Although since that war came to an end a change in the war department and in the presidency have taken place, it all has made no change in General Miles' situation only to more sharply emphasize the scrap. It seems to matter little what subject the general gives advice upon, it is no go. Every time he offers any word upon anything pertaining to his duties, his suggestions are thrown in the waste basket. Miles threatens to resign if the bill for the establishment of general staff for the army is passed. He declares that the bill is intended to boost favorites into position. He asserts that it will destroy the unity of the army. Miles is likely to get himself into another scolding affair with his superiors over what he said yesterday to the senate committee on military affairs, together with another trouble which he has had with the president and Secretary Root over some advice he gave them relative to the way matter should be

handled in the Philippines. The quarrel has gone to such a length that it would seem to a layman that General Miles must find much satisfaction in an official position even without honor, if he continues to hold on. It may be that he is holding on for the purpose of causing the president to remove him in order to get rid of him. A summary removal might make some friends for the general and some enemies for the president. But there must be very little satisfaction in holding an official place under the circumstances which surround General Miles.

If there are any manufacturing concerns which desire to locate in Ypsilanti, Ypsilanti will be glad to welcome them. If these concerns offer a good investment, that is, if their stock appeals to Ypsilanti citizens with surplus means, promising good returns on the money invested, undoubtedly there is money here which can be had for such investments. If any concern desires to locate here whose stock is not such as would appeal to the private investor, that concern would, generally speaking, be a mighty bad concern for the city to give a bonus to. Besides this view of the question, there is another which is most important. It is legitimate and proper business for the private individual to invest his money in such concerns or not as he chooses. He cannot be compelled to put his money in. Nor is there any lawful power to compel the public to invest the money raised by taxation in such a private business undertaking. Taxpayers may be compelled to pay taxes to pay the expenses of carrying on the public business, but there is no right lodged anywhere to compel citizens to pay taxes to help on the private business of any individual or concern. The present city administration appears to stand for the proposition of bonusing private concerns at the expense of the public. The doing of this is not only wrong, but there is no warrant in law for it even though the people so vote. The voting of anything of the kind is not within the province of the voters to do as a legal proposition.

In the approaching city election in Ypsilanti, the people will do well to give some consideration to the matter of voting taxes upon the people in order to give bonuses to private concerns. It should be placed clearly before the people that there is no lawful or constitutional warrant for this sort of thing. It is an improper use of the voting power. If the people have the right to vote taxes to give a bonus to a manufacturing concern, they have the right to do the same for a meat market or a dry goods store. The taxing power is given to be used for public purposes alone and it is never right to take money out of one man's pocket through taxation to give to another man to help on his business. The present city administration has got Ypsilanti started on this dangerous road and if a halt be not called, there is no knowing where the matter will end. And sometime and before long, in all probability, some citizen will test the legality of such bond issues in the courts which will mean a lot of trouble for the city.

Every good citizen is anxious to see Ypsilanti boom. But taxing the city for bonuses for private individuals is not the best way to make the city boom. Ypsilanti has fine advantages for manufacturing and more manufacturing would be an advantage to the city. Any other kind of legitimate business which will come here and locate will also be an advantage. If the citizens of Ypsilanti who have surplus means, and who are in the habit of investing money in outside ventures will only be as quick to purchase stock in any new lines of business that may desire to locate here and which offer as good inducements as the outside concerns in which they invest their money, there ought not to be any trouble in getting new lines of business here. But if our citizens will not do this, it will be difficult to get new business here that is desirable by taxing the people therefor.

John Dillon, an Irish member of parliament, went Senator McLaughlin, of South Carolina, one better in calling his enemy, Joseph Chamberlain, the secretary of state for the colonies, a liar. He used even a stronger adjective than McLaughlin used in characterizing Senator Tillman's remarks. There was no circumlocution about the kind of a liar Dillon makes Chamberlain out to be. But there was no fight. Dillon, however, got his walking papers for one week in a very prompt fashion. The blood of the effete statesmen of England seems not to be as warm as that of the statesmen of South Carolina.

Representative Richardson, the leader of the minority in the house of representatives, is expected to give his support to the bill making a twenty per cent concession to Cuba on the sugar tariff issue. This is the correct course and undoubtedly the position of Mr. Richardson will carry many democratic members with him. The reduction is by no means as great as it should be, it does not even promise to do for Cuba what we are morally bound to do for her, but it is a recognition of our obligation and a step in the direction of lower duties and should, therefore, receive democratic support. The bill ought not to be limited to the brief time, about seventeen months, named in the text, it ought not to require of the Cubans for this paltry concession a reduction of twenty per cent on all merchandise imported from the United States and it is a wrong to force our immigration laws upon the island, but if this measure is passed it is not probable that any backward step will ever be taken. Time is sure to develop closer relations between this nation and Cuba rather than more distant relationship. A beginning in the way of more intimate relationship is an important point gained therefore. Our ungenerous conduct now may delay and undoubtedly will delay this sure-to-come more intimate relationship, but the concession now proposed, if granted will be certain to grow in the time to come in the right direction. The destiny of Cuba is to become a part of the United States sometime. If the niggardly concession offered now will never be recalled therefore. Consequently democrats in congress will do well to vote for the present measure.

Senator Hawley in a speech in the senate, yesterday, is reported to have said that he detests anarchy and that he would give a thousand dollars to get a good shot at an anarchist. After uttering such a sentiment as that it looks as though General Hawley's classification ought to be changed. That seems to be the same sentiment which anarchists are in the habit of which anarchists are in the habit of the doughty general really desires such an opportunity to shoot, the difference between himself and a real anarchist is not altogether apparent to the ordinary individual. Then, too, he would undoubtedly get the opportunity to shoot an anarchist without paying a thousand dollars for it. It might cost him more than that before he got through with all the etc, however. Then the anarchist might get in a pop or two while the general was doing his shooting. This might not be altogether pleasant for the general, for sometimes they shoot to hit. Senator Hawley is a military gentleman and is supposed, therefore, to know how to shoot, but nevertheless he made a mighty bad shot when he shot at his mouth as indicated above.

Our infant iron and steel industries are pretty big babies. In 1900 the United States produced 13,789,242 tons of pig iron, which is about 5,000,000 tons more than either Great Britain or Germany produced and is six times as much as either France or Russia produced. In steel the production is still more disproportionate. The United States produced 10,087,322 tons. Great Britain 4,901,054, Germany 4,799,000, France 1,624,046 and Russia 1,494,000.

Our exports to Germany in 1901 were nine and a half times as much as in 1865 and our imports ten times as much. Our commerce with Germany is larger than with any country in the world excepting Great Britain. In 1901 we exported \$191,780,427 to Germany and imported \$100,445,902 from Germany.

March, April, May

There is a best time for doing everything—that is, a time when a thing can be done to the best advantage, most easily and most effectively. Now is the best time for purifying your blood. Why? Because your system is now trying to purify it—you know this by the pimples and other eruptions that have come on your face and body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Are the medicines to take—they do the work thoroughly and agreeably and never fail to do it. Hood's are the medicines you have always heard recommended.

"I cannot recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly as a spring medicine. When we take it in the spring we all feel better through the summer." Mrs. S. H. NEAL, McCray, Pa. Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

A PASTOR WHO WAS BEFRIENDED BY AN EMPEROR SAVED BY PE-RU-NA.



Rev. H. Stubenvoll, of Elkhorn, Wis., is pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran St. John's Church of that place. Rev. Stubenvoll is the possessor of two bibles presented to him by Emperor William of Germany. Upon the fly leaf of one of the bibles the Emperor has written in his own handwriting a text.

This honored pastor in a recent letter to the Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, O., says concerning their famous catarrh remedy, Peruna:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen: "I had hemorrhages of the lungs for a long time, and all despaired of me. I took Peruna and was cured. It gave me strength and courage, and made healthy, pure blood. It increased my weight, gave me a healthy color, and I feel well. It is the best medicine in the world. If everyone kept Peruna in the house it would save many from death every year."

Yours very truly,

REV. H. STUBENVOLL.

Thousands of people have catarrh who would be surprised to know it, because it has been called some other name than catarrh. The fact is, catarrh is catarrh wherever located; and another fact which is of equally great importance, is that Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

Catarrh is an American disease. Fully one-half of the people are afflicted more or less with it in some form. Previous to the discovery of Peruna, catarrh was considered well nigh incurable. Since

the introduction of Peruna to the medical profession thousands of cases are cured annually.

Mr. W. D. Smith, a well-known grocer of Port Huron, Mich., writes:

"By following your instructions and taking Peruna and Manalin I am cured of catarrh. I had catarrh for twelve years and quite a bad cough so I could not sleep nights. I do not have any cough now, and if I feel anything in the throat I take a swallow of Peruna and I am alright."—W. D. Smith.

WHOOPIING COUGH IN REDNER DISTRICT

Redner District, March 25.—Chas. Freeman and Hortense Davis made a business trip to Detroit Saturday.

The little daughter of Henry Roberts of the Maple Grove farm, has the whooping cough.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Davis are visiting their sons in Dexter.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton Sanderason entertained a few of their friends Thursday.

The M. E. Sunday school of Stony Creek, will observe Easter.

A. Reynolds is calling on old friends in this vicinity.

EVERY MOTHER KNOWS

how hard it is to keep the children covered up at night. They will kick the quilts off and take cold. Do not give them medicine containing opium. Allen's Lung Balm, free from narcotic drugs, is never more useful than when it rids the children of cold and saves the mother's anxiety. It makes a friend of everyone who uses it.

CALIFORNIA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

During the months of March and April, the Michigan Central will sell One-Way Colonist tickets to California and the northwest at very low rates. Inquire at ticket office or write.

B. M. DAMON, Agent.

REAL ESTATE

Spencer D. Lennon, by heir, to Melvin D. Lennon, Ann Arbor, \$800.

Kump & Mayer, by sheriff, to Union Savings Bank, Manchester, \$325.

Graham & Hall, by sheriff, to William F. Rehffuss, Manchester, \$573.62.

Frank Munger and wife to Fred C. Perry and wife, Northfield, \$575.

Ada J. Sanders to Theophilus Larned, Ann Arbor, \$225.

Edwin H. Pierce to Theophilus Larned, Ann Arbor, \$600.

Gottlob Hanselmann, by ex., to Thomas Hanselmann, Ann Arbor, \$250.

Maud I. C. Brogan to Elizabeth E. Dunn, et al., Ypsilanti, \$1,200.

Friedrika Schmid to Rosa Smith, Ypsilanti, \$1.

Daniel Brownell to John F. Brownell, Pittsfield, \$1.

Charles T. Easternman and wife to Carl T. Storm, York, \$1.

Solomon Taimo L'Arme, Lodi, \$650.

A. J. Waters and wife to Grace M. Lee,

Manchester, \$75.

Charles B. Whitman and wife to Alpha Chapter Nu Sigma Nu, Ann Arbor, \$1,900.

Mary Brown to Joseph Ruhl, York, \$450.

Warren D. Richardson to School District No. 1, Ann Arbor, \$5,000.

W. H. Sweet and wife to Sanford Casler, et al., Ypsilanti, \$600.

Mary P. Harry to Laura E. Seymour, Ann Arbor, \$3,100.

James May to Sylvester S. Heath et al., Ypsilanti, \$2,500.

Benjamin D. Monroe, by executor, to Henry Cornish, Saline, \$555.15.

Horace G. Prettyman and wife, to Martha E. Drake, Ann Arbor, \$1,900.

Isabella S. Guerh et al., by C. C. C., to Frederick Schmidt, Salem, \$2,778.61.

Elizabeth Pray to James Nesbit, Northfield, \$100.

James Nesbit and wife to James Nesbit and wife, Northfield, \$1,500.

Reuben Emery and wife to James Nesbit and wife, Northfield, \$1,500.

Gustav Rohde et al. to August Rohde, Ann Arbor, \$200.

Gustav Rohde et al. to August Rohde, Ann Arbor, \$1,000.

Frederick Rettich and wife to State Savings Bank, Ann Arbor, \$15,000.

Frederick Rettich and wife, to Ernest E. Eberbach to Ernest E. Eberbach, et al., \$7,500.

D. Y. & A. A. Ry. to D. Y. & A. A. & J. Ry., Washtenaw county, \$1.

Ypsilanti & Saline Electric Ry. Co. to D. Y. & A. A. & J. Ry., Washtenaw county, \$1.

Hawkes & Angus to D. Y. & A. A. & J. Ry., right of way, \$1.

George W. Weed and wife to Charles F. Zachman, Salem, \$700.

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Hawkes & Angus to D. Y. & A. A. & J. Ry., right of way, \$1.

Suffered Fifteen Years.

C. F. Gerding, Milburn, Neb., writes: "I contracted a heavy cold about fifteen years ago and tried all kinds of patent medicines and drugs recommended for a cold or heavy cough, but found none to help me until I commenced using Peruna. My age is seventy-eight years, and I am better now than I have been for years. I still keep using your great medicine, and am still improving in health. I recommend it to all sufferers with coughs and colds."—C. F. Gerding.

Peruna, The Greatest Remedy Known For Catarrh.

Mr. Chas. H. Stevens, 97 Seventeenth Street, Detroit, Mich., writes: "It affords me great pleasure to testify to the merits of Peruna as a remedy for catarrh. I suffered for some time with chronic nasal catarrh, but after five months' treatment during which time I used seven bottles of Peruna I am pleased to say that I am entirely well, there being not the slightest trace of the catarrh left. Peruna is without doubt the greatest remedy known for catarrh."—Chas. H. Stevens.

Afflicted Since Childhood With Catarrh.

Mr. Elbert S. Richards, Milton, Conn., writes:

"I am near sixty-eight years of age, and have from childhood been afflicted with catarrh in the head, and, for the past four or five years been much afflicted with it in my eyes; they being watery, would materate a good deal, and stick together in the night. My condition was so fully described in your almanac that I decided to try Peruna.

"I am thankful to say that I now consider myself entirely free from catarrh, and only use Peruna occasionally now as a tonic. Accept my sincere thanks for your personal interest in my case.

"My son, 21 years of age, has been using Peruna for a number of weeks for catarrh in the head and has obtained great relief."—Elbert S. Richards.

Catarrh Thirty Years.

Mr. Andrew Barrett, 940 N. Kidzie Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to testify to the merits of such a worthy remedy for catarrh as your Peruna. I had suffered for thirty years from this very disagreeable disease and had tried many so-called remedies but until I used Peruna none had the desired effect.

"I have been connected with the Chicago Police Department for the past twenty-eight years. I can cheerfully recommend Peruna to anyone suffering from catarrh."—Andrew Barrett.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitutes. Ask your druggist.

Accuracy Unquestioned

Prescriptions the Best
100 PILLS 25 CENTS.
Drugs the Purest

Morford & Smith

City Drug Store

MORE LIVES ARE SAVED

...BY USING...

Dr. King's New Discovery,

...FOR...

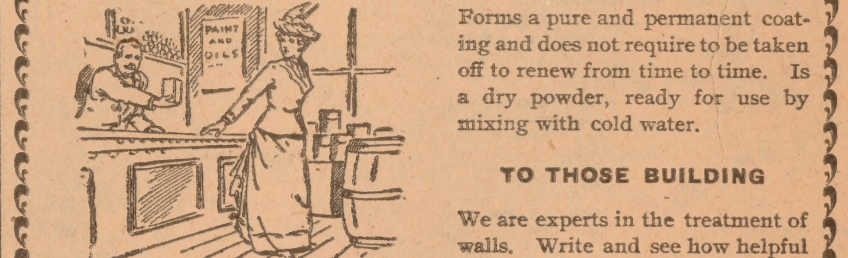
Consumption, Coughs and Colds

Than By All Other Throat And Lung Remedies Combined.

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, LaGrippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. NO CURE. NO PAY. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

ALABASTINE A Durable Wall Coating

NOT A KALSOMINE



"Faugh! Use your nasty decaying kalsomine! No, sir! ALABASTINE is what I asked for and what I want."

ALABASTINE COMPANY, Grand Rapids, Mich.

TO THOSE BUILDING

We are experts in the treatment of walls. Write and see how helpful we can be, at no cost to you, in getting beautiful and healthful homes.

BOB & JACKSON RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 16th, 1901.
The first cars will leave Ypsilanti going east and west at 6:15 a. m. The first car leaves Ann Arbor going east at 6:45 a. m. Cars will run every half hour until 8:30 p. m., after that every hour; the last car leaving Ann Arbor going east at 11:15 p. m., and the last car west leaving Detroit at 11:15 p. m. In addition to this a local car will leave Ann Arbor for Ypsilanti at 12:15 a. m. and another at 1:15 a. m.

Time Table—In Effect Jan. 2, 1901.	
Leave Ypsilanti.	Leave Saline.
6:45 a. m.	7:30 a. m.
8:45	9:45
10:45	11:45
12:45 p. m.	1:45 p. m.
2:45	3:45
4:45	5:45
6:45	7:30
8:45	9:45
10:45	11:45

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti at 12:45 a. m. on the arrival of the Opera car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on short notice and without extra charge.

February 18, 1902.

On and after this date cars will leave Jackson going east at 6 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10 p. m.
Leave Grass Lake going east at 6:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:30 p. m.
Leave Chelsea going east at 6:45 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 p. m.
Leave Ann Arbor going west at 7:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 p. m.
Leave Chelsea going west at 8:04 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 10:04 a. m.
Leave Grass Lake going west at 8:30 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 12:30 a. m.
The company reserves the right to change the time of any car without notice.
Cars will meet at Grass Lake and at No. 2 siding.
Cars will run on Detroit local time.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Hon. Kelly, of Detroit, was in the city Tuesday.

Miss Grace Kenyon, of St. Clair, was in the city Sunday.

John Schlinkard, of St. Clair, spent Sunday in the city.

Fred Showerman left Monday for a trip through Ohio.

J. E. Bassett, of Detroit, is spending the week in the city.

The W. R. C. will repeat their shoe social in the near future.

Ned Bristol, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his family in this city.

Mrs. Wm. Wortley, who has been seriously ill, is improving.

Miss Alice Fiege leaves today for a week's stay at Saginaw.

Lou Wallace, of Grand Rapids, is spending some time in the city.

Mrs. John Comstock left Monday for her new home at Honor, Mich.

Miss Gibbs left yesterday for a week's stay with friends at Jackson.

Grand Worthy Patron Wm. Brown visited the O. E. S. Monday evening.

Mrs. Wiles, of Sheldons, is the guest of friends in the city for a few days.

The Misses James and Davis leave today for a week's stay at Jackson.

Miss Delaforce, a former Normalite, is spending her vacation in the city.

Twelve Krag-Jorgenson rifles have been received by Co. L from Lansing.

Dr. and Mrs. Lee, of Wayne, attended the Halcyon party Friday evening.

Miss Mollie Comstock is able to be out again after a three weeks' illness.

Miss Erlenborn, of Chicago, will spend Easter with Mrs. John VanPoesen.

Miss Anna Knowles, of Azalia, is spending the week with friends in the city.

George Voorheis will remove next week to Mella Court House, West Virginia.

Mrs. George Sanders of Carleton is the guest of Ypsilanti friends for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone have moved from Cross street to No. 405 Adams street.

Mrs. D. C. Batchelder and daughter entertained 16 ladies at luncheon Saturday.

Miss Mamie Wood, of East Tawas, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Guy Davis.

Miss Florence Rouse, of Saline, is spending a short time with Miss Mary Davis.

Hon. Delos Fall, superintendent of public instruction, was in the city Monday.

The Sigma Delta gave an informal dancing party at the library Friday evening.

Miss Lucile Eddy was removed to the hospital at Ann Arbor yesterday morning.

Several teachers from the Detroit and other schools visited the Y. H. S. this week.

Chief of Police Warner is wearing a handsome badge given him by a friend and admirer.

Miss Elsie McKinstry, of Sheldons, is spending the week with her aunt, Mrs. Packard.

Messrs. Clare Winton and Minor White attended the Paderewski recital at Detroit Tuesday.

See the fine exhibit of burnt wood in the display windows of Frank Showerman's jewelry store.

Jerome Schermerhorn paid \$7 in Justice Childs' court Monday for a recent jollification.

Miss Emma Holbrook is spending her Easter vacation in the city, the guest of her parents.

Mrs. Packard will give a small fitch party Thursday evening for her niece, Miss McKinstry.

Mrs. Renwick, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Allen Monday.

Miss Burt, critic teacher of the Mt. Pleasant Normal, is spending the week at the Ypsilanti Normal.

The L. C. B. A. will give a dancing party Monday evening at Light Guard hall. First class music.

A number of Conservatory students attended the Paderewski recital at Detroit Tuesday evening.

Miss Hortense Carleton, of St. Clair returned home Monday, after a few days' visit with Mrs. N. B. Trim.

E. E. Trim has removed the Glass shoe stock of Ann Arbor to his store in this city.

The Cleary College base ball team defeated a picked nine of city lads Saturday afternoon by a score of 5 to 3.

Miss Maraquita Wallin, of Northville, is spending her vacation in the city with her sister, Alice, of the Y. H. S.

Miss Marie LeGault, of Ann Arbor, will spend the next few days with Miss Grace Mansfield, of Congress street.

Mrs. Moore and family, of Willis, have moved to this city and now occupy the house at 709 W. Congress street.

The Pittsfield Union Sunday school meets Sunday afternoon at the Roberts school to elect officers for the coming season.

The library board will hold their annual meeting Tuesday, April 1, when new board members and officers will be elected.

Mrs. Harold Breining, of Detroit, has returned home after a week's stay in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Guy Marshall.

The city has advertised for 350 loads of stone at 6 per load, to be used in the stone crusher, and 150 loads are already on hand.

Mrs. Matthews, of Port Huron, is spending some time with her nieces, Mrs. J. H. Worden and Mrs. W. J. Couch, of this city.

Summer Damon announces that he is not a candidate for the republican nomination of justice of the peace, as has been reported.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Stetson have returned from an extended stay in the northern part of the state and are residing on St. John street.

Miss Edith Jarvis entertained the S. S. club Wednesday evening at a 6 o'clock dinner, after which the evening was spent in playing cards.

Geo. LaTour, of the Cleary college, has secured a position as stenographer and bookkeeper with the A. W. Clark Lumber Co., of Menominee.

The following candidates were initiated into the O. E. S. Monday evening: Mrs. LeBar, Mr. Crocker, Miss Blanche Root and Mrs. Camp.

Mrs. Warren, of New Baltimore, Mich., returned home Monday after a few days' stay with her mother, Mrs. Sisson, of W. Congress street.

Mrs. Nichols, who has been spending the winter at Holly, returned Saturday to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Osband, of Summit street.

The public schools will close Friday afternoon, March 28, for the spring vacation and will resume in all departments Monday morning, April 7.

Dr. Allen will repeat his lecture on "Grant," which was given recently at the Methodist church of this city, at Manchester Friday evening, April 4.

Miss Beulah Arney, of the second grade of the central school, was absent from her duties Monday and Miss Edwards, of the Normal, took her place.

Don Braisted sang "The Psalm" very effectively at the Episcopal church Sunday morning. He has a clear, sweet voice and sings with expression.

Prof. and Mrs. Martin, of Northville, returned home yesterday after a short stay at the home of D. F. Hayner. Prof. Martin graduated from the Normal in 1896.

Twenty-six members of the Ypsilanti chapter of the O. E. S. went to Saline Tuesday evening to assist the grand worthy patron in instituting a lodge at that place.

Ernest Hutchinson of Battle Creek has been spending a few days in the city, arranging with his brother, S. B. Hutchinson, for the organization of a pure food company in the near future.

C. S. Wortley and Co. are having the walk and curbing fixed in front of their clothing store and the Dodge jewelry store. Their example may well be followed by the other Congress street property owners.

The democrats will hold their caucuses for the spring election in the various wards Friday evening, March 28, at 8 o'clock, and the city convention in the council hall, Tuesday evening, April 1, at 8 o'clock.

Manager Smith of the high school base ball team has booked five games for the coming season, two with Orchard Lake, two with the Detroit Central high school, and one with the Detroit University school.

The Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist church will meet Friday afternoon with Mrs. Brabb, of Pearl street. The country for discussion will be Italy, and Mrs. Whitcomb has charge of the program.

The ladies of the Congregational church will give an Easter supper Monday, March 31, from 5:30 to 7. Eggs, served in all styles, mashed potatoes, brown and white bread, cake and coffee. Supper 15 cents.

A 15-cent supper will be served at the Methodist church, Thursday evening, April 3, by the Ladies' Aid society. The menu is salmon loaf, potato chips, warm biscuit, maple syrup, fruit, salads, pickles, mixed cakes and coffee.

"Five Moonlight Views in the Old World," given by Dr. Jennings in the Presbyterian chapel, Thursday evening, was a fine showing of the places spoken of. The Young People's league found of both pleasurable and profitable.

The brother of Farrington, the Milan man sentenced for manslaughter, was in the city Saturday with a petition asking the governor for the convicted man's pardon. The petition was signed by a number of prominent Ypsilanti-ans.

Coroner Watts held an inquest over the remains of James Green, the paralytic who was burned to death Friday afternoon, and Saturday the remains were removed to Ann Arbor, to be taken from there to a suburb of Boston, Mass., for interment.

The billiard contest furnished the following games Saturday: Smith vs. Burke, handicap 100 to 65, Burke won; Duffy vs. Owen, handicap 100 to 90, Duffy won; B. Campbell vs. Burke, handicap 100 to 25, Campbell won; Duffy vs. Keusch, handicap 100 to 45, Duffy won.

The ladies of the Baptist church will hold their Easter sale and supper Thursday, March 27. The following menu will be served: Salmon turbot, potato chips, brown and white bread, salad and jelly, stuffed eggs, doughnuts, cake and coffee. Potted plants will be on sale.

The Normal choir held their final rehearsal Monday evening of Spohn's "Last Judgment," which will be the principal number at the choir concert to be given after the spring vacation. A number of students and citizens were present, an invitation having been issued to the public.

Died, at Pueblo, Colo., March 23, of pneumonia and nervous complications, Clara V. McCormack, aged 22 years, youngest son of Mrs. W. A. and the late Wesley McCormack. The remains will be sent here for burial and the interment will be at Highland cemetery Thursday afternoon from the chapel.

Warren Lewis, the live stock auctioneer, is selling horses in the Coliseum Building, Chicago, this week. On March 28 he sells the live stock for the Eaton Bros' farm, southeast of Ypsilanti, and April 5 sells 50 head of dairy and market cows for Newton Swift at Ypsilanti, by public auction.

Friday evening at 12 o'clock occurred the death of Jeremiah Newton at his home in Ypsilanti town. He was 88 years of age and an old resident of this county, having come to this part of the state in 1834. He leaves three sons, Judd, Charles and Harold. The funeral was held at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon at his late residence.

An enjoyable entertainment was given in Normal hall Saturday evening by Miss Armstrong, an elocutionist of Detroit, assisted by students and faculty members of the Conservatory. Miss Armstrong gave three numbers: Miss Myra Bird sang a solo; J. C. Winton played Dubois' offertorio in D-flat for the organ and the Conservatory quartet rendered Goldberg's "Good Night."

First Presbyterian church, Washington street, corner Emmet, Robert K. Wharton, minister. Morning worship next Sunday at 10:30, with Easter sermon; evening worship at 7:30, with brief Easter address. The chorus and quartet will render Easter music at both services. Sunday school at 12 m. Young people's service, 6:30 in the evening. The people's meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. You are invited.

A peculiarly sad death was that of Mrs. Archie Condon, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon on her 19th birthday, at her home, 119 Thompson avenue, after a short illness. She leaves a husband and two smaller children. The funeral will be held Friday afternoon at 1:30 and the remains will be taken to Saline, her former home, for burial—Jackson Patriot. Mrs. Condon was formerly Miss Faye Sallis of this city.

A political conference was held at the store of W. W. Worden Friday evening and was attended by something like a dozen citizens. The thought of the meeting appeared to be to agree on some sort of a union ticket with Mayor Thompson at the head and four democrats on the ticket as candidates for aldermen. But the plan seemed not to be pleasing to the majority of those present, for it was reported that it only received three votes.

The concert given Friday night at Cleary hall under the direction of Mrs. Chalmers Alexander and Mrs. Wealthy Sherman was a decided success in every way. The amount cleared was \$71.50. The church is exceedingly happy over the results, and feels very grateful to Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Sherman and those that took part on the program. The amount cleared is to be applied strictly on the brick work of the church, as Mrs. Sherman has taken the obligation of completing the brick work.

A dress goods bargain, extraordinary. Fancy black selvi, worth fully \$1 per yard, our special price 79c. Black dress skirts, well lined and nicely trimmed with satin bands, at \$3.98 each.

B. H. COMSTOCK,
128 Congress street.

THE PROSPECTS ARE VERY GOOD

FOR THE NORMALS TO HAVE A
WINNING TEAM

Although Only Three Veterans Are
Back—Abundance of New
Material

Coach Teetzel has the Normal base ball team out for an hour's practice every afternoon, and they are fast getting into good shape, with the prospects for an unusually strong nine.

Capt. Dennis, last year's first baseman, Ireland, third base, and Smith, a fielder, are the only old players who are back this year, but there is an abundance of good new material.

Two of the outfield positions are still in doubt, but the rest of the team will in all probability be made up as follows: Pitcher, Latham, with Novac and Hyames alternates; catcher, Dennis; short stop, Hyames; first base, Novac; second base, Waldron; third base, Ireland; left field, Smith.

The squad admits of two teams being formed, and practice games alternate with the regular routine of work for the different positions.

Coach Teetzel is greatly encouraged over the outlook, and says he confidently looks forward to a team that will be even stronger than the nine of last year, which lost but one game the entire season.

"Last year we were weak in pitchers," he said, "but we have now three men who are each as good as the very best last spring, while the prospects in the other positions are in general fully equal to the outlook at the opening of last season. Captain Gass was a host in himself last year, but as far as playing the position is concerned Dennis will develop into as strong a catcher as he."

The majority of the base ball squad will remain in the city during the spring vacation, and the opportunity will be taken to get in vigorous work, with several practice games with local teams. Frank Owen, of the Detroit team last year and who is booked for Omaha this spring, attends the practice frequently and gives the men many valuable suggestions.

THE TOURNAMENT HAS ENDED

The billiard contest at Milo Gage's billiard hall which has been going on for the past three weeks, was won by Bert Campbell with a record of no games lost, Joe Smith coming second with two defeats, and Felix Duffey and John Burke tying for third with three lost games each.

The first prize is a handsome billiard cue, and each of the other winners was given a box of cigars. The result in detail is as follows:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Bert Campbell.....	9	9	0
Joe Smith.....	9	7	2
Felix Duffey.....	9	6	3
J. Burke.....	9	6	3
Ed. Campbell.....	9	4	5
Walt Joslyn.....	9	3	6
B. D. Smith.....	9	3	6
John Russell.....	8	4	4
Frank Owen.....	9	1	8
L. Keusch.....	8	1	7

KEEPING HANDS OFF THE SITE

Prof. Delos Fall, state superintendent of education, and P. H. Kelly, president of the state board of education, were in the city Tuesday to look into the science building site tangle, but their position in the matter is merely that of interested spectators, and no action will be taken by the board, at least for the present.

The stand taken by the board is that if Ypsilanti wishes to donate to the Normal suitable ground for the new science building they will be glad to accept the gift in the name of the state, but that they are in no way concerned with any controversy that may be going on among the Ypsilanti citizens in regard to any details connected with the matter.

If Ypsilanti has not come forward with a donation by the time that it is deemed absolutely necessary to begin work the state board will proceed to erect the building on the north side of the campus between the main building and Starkweather hall. In the mean time they are onlookers.

The city is in a sense in the same position, for now that the council have voted to purchase the Owen land there is nothing to do but wait a reasonable time for Owen to furnish a clear title.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup seems especially adapted to the needs of the children. Pleasant to take; soothing in its influence. It is the remedy of all remedies for every form of throat and lung disease.

One lot of tapestry drapery curtains, choice colorings, worth \$2, a special bargain at \$1.49 per pair.

B. H. COMSTOCK,
128 Congress street.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION.
On March 4-18, April 1-15, May 6 and 20, the Michigan Central will sell round trip Homeseekers' Excursion tickets to points in South, Southwest, West and Northwest at greatly reduced rates. Tickets good returning twenty-one days.

23 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

Woman's Work

in preparing appetizing and wholesome food is lightened by this famous baking powder.



Light Biscuit
Delicious Cake
Dainty Pastries
Fine Puddings

Absolutely pure. It adds healthful qualities to the food.

ROYAL Baking Powder

The "Royal Baker and Pastry Cook"—most practical and valuable of cook books—free to every patron. Send full address by postal card.

There are cheap baking powders, made from alum, but they are exceedingly harmful to health. Their astringent and cauterizing qualities add a dangerous element to food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A CO-ED WON THE CONTEST

MISS MABEL EAGLE, OF DAYTON,
GETS THE HONOR

And She will Represent the Normal in
the Inter-Collegiate Contest

The annual oratorical contest at the Normal was won Friday evening by Miss Mabel Eagle, of Dayton, Ohio, the representative of the Olympic literary society, who spoke on, "A true American Hero," while second was secured by George Hathaway, of Clifton, of the Athenaeum society, whose subject was "William McKinley" and third place was awarded to Arthur Chiff, of Detroit, of the Crescent society, whose subject was "The Greatest Man of the 19th Century."

Miss Eagle received as a prize the set of "Best Orations" edited by Justice Brewer, and she will represent the Normal in the Intercollegiate contest to be held in Ypsilanti after the spring vacation.

The contest was one of the best ever held at the Normal, and the participants were uniformly strong in all points that go to make a successful orator.

Miss Eagle excelled in delivery and stage presence, and her eulogy of Lincoln was eloquent and appreciative. She would be ranked high in any company of college orators, and should make a fine showing for the Normal in the Intercollegiate contest.

New kid gloves for Easter wear in colors and black.

B. H. COMSTOCK,
128 Congress street.

The Sentinel-Commercial map of Michigan and the world gives the latest census returns. Free to subscribers who pay their subscription in

"Strawberry Plants for sale, and London Raspberry plants, Clyde, Gloumar, Sample, Excelsior, at 35c per hundred or \$2.50 per thousand. Rougher, Kansas, Senator Dunlap at 50c per hundred. Lowden Red Raspberry plants in season, 75c per hundred or \$6.00 per thousand. They are all good ones.

JAMES HAMILTON,
Ypsilanti. One mile east on electric road.

I Coughed

"I had a most stubborn cough for many years. It deprived me of sleep and I grew very thin. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was quickly cured."

R. N. Mann, Fall Mills, Tenn.

Sixty years of cures and such testimony as the above have taught us what Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will do.

We know it's the greatest cough remedy ever made. And you will say so, too, after you try it. There's cure in every drop.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

THEY'RE HERE!

We Have Just Received Our SPRING LINE of...

DRESS SKIRTS

in CLOTH and TAFFETA SILK, also WALKING SKIRTS. We can positively show you the Largest Assortment, the Newest Styles, and all at absolutely the Lowest Prices.

Trimmed Dress Skirts from - \$2.75 up.
Taffeta Silk Dress Skirts from - \$6.48 up.

We make a specialty of Short and Long Length and Large Waist Measure Dress Skirts.

Remember our Clearing Sale of Cloaks continues. We are selling heavy Winter Cloaks for..... 98c

BEALL, COMSTOCK & CO.

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE, YPSILANTI.

FOR AN UNWORTHY MOTIVE

By WILLIS EMERY

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FREDERICK R. TOOMBS

ON the avenue, about a mile below the park, Blaisdell overtook a particularly elegant victoria, in which sat Miss Caroline Stamford. Blaisdell had not the pleasure of the young lady's acquaintance, and the chance that he ever would have it was as good as that he would one day own the moon and carry it in his pocket. The two persons lived in different worlds. Nevertheless Blaisdell recognized the occupant of the victoria, for he had seen her picture in the newspapers, and, besides, he remembered having seen the Stamford horses exhibited in the show.

Miss Stamford is descended on her father's side from one of the oldest New York banking institutions, and her mother is the daughter of many blocks of city real estate. You will find both families in the elite directory. Blaisdell's father, now deceased, was never a hundred dollars ahead of his debts, but he was always expecting to be rich. His mother's family had no social pretensions, and the good lady has long since gone where such things are not in the least degree necessary to our happiness.

The young man himself has not made a success in life. He is impractical. He can see the top of the ladder, but he cannot see the "rounds." In his day dreams he always ascends at a bound, treading upon nothing. There have been brief periods in his career when it has seemed as if he would actually get up in that sensational way, for he is capable of exhibiting a remarkable spasmodic energy that achieves results from which he is afterwards entirely incapable of taking the profit.

At the time of the passage in his life which is now under consideration he was in the depths of despondency. He had just accomplished his customary feat of turning success into failure. He was out of employment and without enough money to see him to the week's end. Therefore it was very provident for him to go out bicycle riding at 3 o'clock in the afternoon instead of devoting himself to the immediate needs of his situation. The bicycle that he rode had not been paid for, and the very becoming suit that he wore had cost only \$7.50, but he looked like a gentleman of leisure.

As he passed the Stamford equipage the near horse was behaving badly. The brute danced as if the asphalt under his feet had been red-hot, and the expression of the coachman's countenance was not quite so wooden as a well bred coachman's should be.

A singular notion came into Blaisdell's head. He wished that the horses would run away. Being singularly gifted with imagination, he pictured himself stopping them and receiving a large amount of money from the grateful Mr. Stamford, whose only daughter would have been preserved from direful disaster. On second thought Blaisdell added the only daughter to the armful of money and thus completed the romance according to all the best traditions.

The avenue was so crowded that the horses could not have run ten yards—in fact, they were presently brought to a standstill by a blockade, through which Blaisdell succeeded in squirming. So he passed on, and the chances were that he would not set eyes upon Miss Stamford again in his life.

He continued to think of her, however, and to weave absurd fancies. There are men who are driven to the habit of dreaming as a relief from the unvarying monotony of disappointment. Only those who lack imagination need to employ drugs, and it is almost a question whether a man might not better be a slave to an opiate than to the more subtle poison which persistent dissatisfaction distills from the brain itself.

Blaisdell rode around the park for an hour, while black reality and brightly gilded impossibility alternated in his consciousness. Finally he rode up into the little circle just south of the lake and sat down upon a bench.

In the middle of the circle, which is upon a low hill, there is a fountain, with a watering trough for horses. The two driveways are on the southern side, one curving gently to the east and the other to the west. Blaisdell saw the equipages of many millionaires pause beside the fountain and pass on, and at last came the Stamford victoria just as the young man had succeeded in forgetting its existence.

Generally there is an old man on hand to loosen bridles when horses are driven up to drink, but he did not appear on this occasion, and so the liveried footman got down to perform this service. At this moment the dancing

horse began to tread another measure, even more lively than that which he had executed on the avenue. "Jeems," the footman, took him by the bridle, and what subsequently happened was somewhat confused in Blaisdell's vision by the rapidity of the action.

It seemed that the dancing horse's knee struck Jeems in the solar plexus. He emitted a strange, gasping groan and fell forward against the horse's legs. The animal sprang to one side, carrying its mate and jerking the carriage so violently that the coachman fell headlong from his perch.

Blaisdell was standing astride his wheel when this happened. Before the coachman had struck the ground Blaisdell was on his wheel and headed for the western drive. He knew instinctively that the horses would run that way. If he could go down with them, he might clutch a bridle and win a fortune.

When his feet were on the pedals, it seemed to him that he was electrified. He is a lean, wiry, powerful fellow, with a chest that expands like a balloon and a heart that will stand anything. Without any especial training or attempt to excel, he had become an expert rider. His wheel was a racer, geared to 100. He nearly lifted it off the ground when he made his start. It seemed that he covered the distance between the point where he had stood and the mouth of the driveway at one leap.

Indeed, he somewhat overdid it, for he was ahead of the horses. As he swung into the narrow road he heard the thunder of their hoofs behind him. The thought came into his mind that they would run over him and that he would not be able to get a hand upon their bridles.

As to injury or death for himself, he thought of it only as a loss of opportunity. If the horses ran over him, he should not stop them, and the one chance of his life would be gone. It is hard to say that one thinks at such a time, but one may feel a great deal. Blaisdell felt that the entire incident was in the nature of a miracle; that the moment of fate's relenting, long eagerly desired, had come. If he should fall this time, it would be useless to live, for no man has two chances.

He was so full of fatalistic foolishness and extravagant desires, his heart's blood was so clogged with the ashes of burned air castles, that he failed to take a human view of the situation. He did not see a young woman, with everything to live for, in danger of death; he had not a thought for the agony of her father if she should die, but only for the man's gratitude if she should be saved.

"This is my one great chance." The words were not spoken by the voice of his mind; they were written in letters of fire before his eyes. Life and limb of his counted for nothing. Indeed, because in his dreams he always survived these heroic experiences and was never hurt beyond the breaking of a collar bone, sacred to the purposes of romantic fiction, he had no fear of the present exigency.

Only he must not fail to stop the horses. Fortune was in his grasp, and he must hold on hard. As to this hope, there was some grain of sense mingled with it. Mr. Horace L. Stamford had in one conspicuous case rewarded a comparatively trivial personal service in a more than princely fashion.

No man's imagination is quite adequate as an instructor for desperate emergencies. The rush and the swirl of real adventure defy the arts of the mind. Blaisdell had never dreamed of anything quite so thrilling as that moment in the driveway when the crazed horses were rushing down upon him, and he dared not turn his head to look at them. At any instant a team might swing into the road ahead of him, and then he must either be crushed between the two or plunge out of the way in among the trees and risk death to no purpose. He heard the teeth grind in his head, and it seemed as if some one else were grinding them. His desperation divided him into two personalities—one directing his body and the other his mind.

Instinct made him swerve to the left by precisely the proper space as the horses overtook him. His right hand was on the bridle while he seemed to be still wondering how he should accomplish the feat of grasping it. His arm straightened with a suddenness that numbed it, yet he was not thrown from his wheel. His remarkable skill as a rider combined with the fine chance of such moments to save him from a fall that, coming then, would have ended the adventure for him. He had several times been witness of the wonderful deeds of the bicycle policemen, some of whom have stopped runaways in a manner that can be credited only upon the evidence of one's own eyes, and he had gained a hint or two from such observation. He knew that the essential thing is to hang on steadily and act as a drag, while exerting as much force as possible upon the animal's mouth.

Clinging thus, Blaisdell rushed down the little hill at frightful speed. The trees grow thickly beside it, and when they were passed the broad driveway at the end of the lane flashed upon

Blaisdell as one sees a landscape of lightning glare.

One of the park stages was almost directly in front of the lane's end. It seemed a certainty that the team would graze it and brush Blaisdell off against the rear of it in a way that would leave not a whole bone in his body. With utter desperation, not born of the fear of injury, but of the dread of failure, he pushed the maddened horse aside. The animal swerved, and yet Blaisdell did not fall, though he seemed to be lifted entirely off his bicycle for a moment.

They shot by the stage, which seemed to contain millions of shrieking women, that vanished both eye and ear, the instant they were passed. A new peril leaped up in its place. Blaisdell had unconsciously fancied the horses sweeping round into the driveway, but they did not do so. They were running diagonally across it and would dash themselves in among the trees upon the other side. This was calamity, for the girl in the carriage would almost certainly be terribly hurt, if not killed, by such a collision.

And Blaisdell could not turn the horses. It came to him suddenly that the thing was out of his power. There was not space enough at the speed. They were going across the sidewalk and in among the trees for all that he could do. Yet he would not give up. He must make the best of it.

The roadway there is like a square, for several ways meet, and it was fully a hundred yards from the end of the lane to the point upon the other side of the drive toward which the horses were heading. Blaisdell had time for a glance. He saw an opening in the trees a little to the right, and he pressed hard upon the handle. An instant later there was a terrible crash. They had struck the low curb. Blaisdell felt his wheel

go out from under him and fly to splinters. For a moment he seemed to be in the air, as light as a bird. Then he struck earth unhurt. The horses were behind him. One of them had stumbled on the curb and was recovering. Madened by fear of failure at the moment of success, Blaisdell sprang straight at the animals, as wildly as they leaped toward him. He caught one of the horses by the nose and the bridle with his two hands at the same instant, and the remarkable strength of his long fingers enabled him to hang on. He was beaten against a tree and dragged through a great bush, and the next moment he was in an open space. He was one pain from head to foot, but he hung on, for success was sure. On the other side of the narrow strip of open ground was a hill steep as a fort, with a wall on top. The horses must stop there. They did, but many a bruise did Blaisdell get in that short journey while he dragged at their heads.

At the end of it he was not quite right in his mind. A mounted policeman seemed to come up through the earth, and there were various other phenomena whose appearance was not in accord with ordinary experience. Yet he knew that his one great chance had not been thrown away.

"I stopped them!" he said faintly to the policeman.

"That's right, you did," was the reply. "But why in thunder didn't you let 'em go after they got in here? They couldn't do any harm after they were out of the road."

Blaisdell suddenly remembered why he had done this desperate deed.

"The girl!" he cried. "Where is she?"

"I didn't see any girl," replied the policeman. "The carriage was empty when it came across the roadway."

"Empty?" repeated Blaisdell faintly.

"Sure," said the officer. And at that moment the liveried coachman ran up.

"Miss Stamford?" cried Blaisdell. "Is she safe?"

"Yes, sir," panted the coachman. "She wa'n't hurt a bit. She jumped out an' lit on her feet, sir. On my back, sir, is where she lit, an' it's meself, not her, that got the worst of it. The footman's hired a carriage to take her home."

Blaisdell limped across the open ground to where his broken bicycle lay by the curb. No one paid much attention to him. He carried the wreck of the wheel out of the park, and people smiled at his torn clothes and bloody face, believing that he was a novice who had taken a head-rider.

Mounted Policeman McGuire got the credit for stopping the runaway team, and neither Mr. Stamford nor his daughter ever heard how it was really done.

He Didn't Go Back.

"I've had a good many rebuffs in my line of business, but I struck the limit the other day down on Tasker street," said a collector. "I had been after a man for several months to collect a bill of \$6, but had always been put off with excuses and promises. This day his wife came to the door, and I stated my business to her, although I guess she knew all about it.

"My husband is asleep," she said. "He works at night and never gets up until noon. He won't be up for two hours."

"Very well," I said, "I'll come back in two hours."

"It won't be worth your while," she said. "I'm sure he hasn't got \$6, and, even if he had, I shall see him before you will. If he has any money in his clothes, you can just bet your life I'm going to get it myself. I don't think you stand much chance around here."

"After that I didn't think it worth while to go back."—Philadelphia Record.

A Line OF Strong Women

IN southern Ohio there died lately a woman, Mrs. Jane Warren Archard, past eighty years of age, who illustrated in a noteworthy degree the law of heredity in the female line. Mrs. Archard's great-grandfather, John Light, and his family floated down the Ohio river in a flatboat from Pennsylvania, near Pittsburg, Indians peppering them with bullets at intervals all the way and wounding Mr. Light himself.

Back at home in Pennsylvania John Light left a daughter, Mrs. Barbara Robb.

Barbara stowed away in a canoe her goods and her four children and herself, and in that frail craft they actually floated down the Ohio 600 miles and landed where the town of New Richmond now stands, joined Barbara's father and her brothers and grew up with the country. Barbara was of the staying old stock called by folk of other blood "Pennsylvania Dutch."

Other acts of Barbara's life were in keeping. Her will and courage were invincible. Her intellect was vigorous and independent. She thought for herself, untrammelled by tradition. In middle life she and her old father received what they believed to be a spiritual illumination and evolved a religion of their own which included the full blown doctrine of reincarnation.

When Barbara passed to the beyond, she left behind in her turn a daughter, Letitia Warren, who inherited the mother's qualities, among them the physical size and strength and the fearlessness which have characterized many of Barbara's female descendants for four generations. Letitia Warren was nearly or quite six feet high, strong as a man and gentle as a child. She was never known to be angry or to lose her head or her nerve. She was a famous farm woman. She planted fruits and flowers; she reared a noble herd of cattle; she had great colonies of bees that swarmed and hummed all the summer day.

Once an angry cow lowered its head and made for Letitia, striking at her side with its horn. Instantly, before the horn had more than grazed her flesh, Mrs. Warren grasped the animal by the cartilage of the nose and held it fast, so that it could only stand bellowing with rage and pain.

This strong, gentle, fearless Letitia was the model on which her daughters and granddaughters built their own characters, so far as they had perception to do so. Her daughter Jane, who lately died in Ohio, past eighty, was most like her—strong, intelligent, courageous and always cool headed. There was something of the stoic in them all which made it weakness in them to shed tears, though many a time their hearts were wrung. Jane Archard's husband was much away from home



BARBARA AND HER CHILDREN.

on business, leaving her alone on the farm with her five little daughters. During one of these absences an evil looking peddler walked into her kitchen, set his pack down and told her he was going to stay all night. She refused him permission. He insisted threateningly, approaching her, shaking his fist. Jane sat at her table working buttonholes. Upon the table lay a butcher's knife, sharp and glittering, of the kind common in farmhouses. Without a word, without the quiver of an eyelash, Jane picked up the knife and faced the peddler.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed and turned and went and was seen no more.

And now, with a mind clear and active, with a body able to take care of itself to the last, Jane, too, granddaughter of Barbara, daughter of Letitia, is gathered to her fathers. Of Jane's five daughters one is a physician, another a teacher, a third a newspaper writer, yet another a highly successful farmer, while the remaining one, now in private life, was until recently a stenographer and law reporter.

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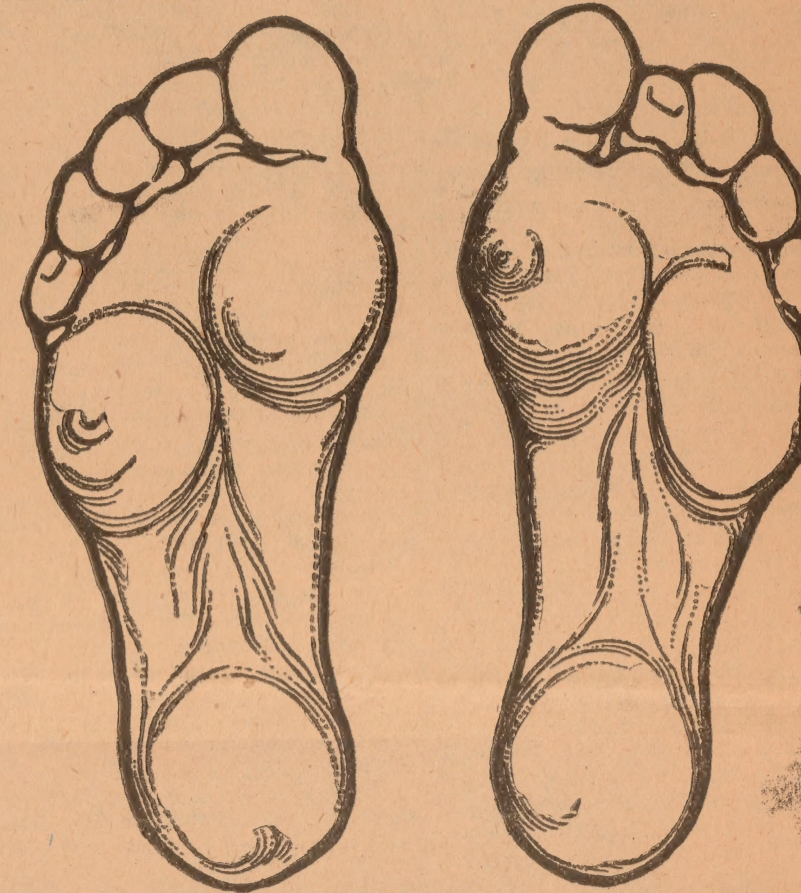
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EQUAL PARTNERS

By HOWARD FIELDING

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CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN NEALE RESENTS AN IMPUTATION.

SOME one put a key into the lock of the front door, and the faint sound of it was distinctly audible in that room. The growling voice of a policeman in the hall said:

"Hold on! You can't go!"

And seemingly in the same instant a young man appeared upon the threshold of the room. He took two steps forward and then halted, the others facing him.

He was one of those men whose tremendous vital energy declares itself unmistakably. As he stood there, perfectly still, the power within him seemed to affect the air. It was as when one feels the tension of an engine that is at rest, but ready. When such a man advances, neither the ordinary obstacles nor even his own will can stop him.

"Brenda!" he said in a singularly restrained voice, very ill suited to his words. "Why in the name of heaven are you here?"

"If I know," she answered, "it was because I wanted to help her, because I couldn't have her die like this. I—"

"Where is she?"

"They have taken her to a hospital—"

St. Winifred's."

The young man snatched up his hat, which had fallen to the floor.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Neale.

"You're Alden—Clarence M. Alden?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to talk to you. Wait!"

If you go down there, you can't get in nor find out anything; that's orders. You'll get more information here."

"Is she living?" demanded Alden.

"Yes," replied the captain. "If she dies, I shall know of it within five minutes, and that's quicker than you could learn of it anywhere else. Let me manage this. I'll take good care of you. I'll see that you get every word of news. Meanwhile let's get down to business. You sent that note to her?"

"I did."

"With \$500 in it?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At ten minutes after 2 I sent it by John Robinson, a clerk in my office."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know," answered Alden. "I didn't wait for him to come back. Now, answer my question. Who did this thing?"

Neale spread his hands abroad with a grotesque gesture intended to disclaim the possession of the information.

"We're all at sea," he said. "Somebody got into this room and stabbed the girl with this knife."

He suddenly lifted a newspaper that had lain on the table and disclosed the weapon beneath it. The long blade was open and visibly stained with blood. Brenda's hand had been within six inches of it, and at the right she started back with such alarm that Dr. Blair stretched out his arm to support her. She did not fall, however, but stood rigid, staring at Alden.

The color rushed to his face. He put up his hand and pushed back the tangle of light brown hair that was lying moist upon his forehead.

"Recognize it?" said Neale, with his hairless grin.

"It is mine," replied Alden in the same repressed and steady tone that he had used throughout this scene.

"I gave it to her."

"When?"

"A few days ago," said Alden. "I don't exactly remember."

"Queer present," rejoined the captain, "for a girl."

"She was cutting some pictures out of the magazines," replied Alden. "I happened to have the knife in my pocket. She used it, and I didn't take it back."

The captain slowly nodded his head, as one who has reached the end of a topic and is preparing for the next.

"And now," said he, "how long have you known this young lady?"

He waved his hand toward Brenda.

"I have known Miss MacLane a long time," said Alden. "Why do you ask?"

"Miss MacLane, eh?" said the captain, elevating the strange tufts of parti colored hair that were his eyebrows. "I understood that her name was Williams."

"I have done an absurdly foolish thing," said Brenda, addressing Alden. "I was afraid my name would be published, and so I tried to deceive these people."

"Big mistake," rejoined Captain Neale, shaking his head solemnly. "This whole story will have to come out, and if the facts are known to the police at the start it will come out straight; otherwise there's no telling what the reporters will do with it."

"There is no reason whatever," said Alden, "why Miss MacLane should be brought into this affair."

"There isn't, eh?" said the captain.

"Why is she here? Sympathy for a woman that she says she never saw? No; I guess we'll have to have something better."

"If you don't get it," said Alden, "what then?"

"I'll have to hold her as a witness."

"You mean that you will put me un-

der arrest?" demanded Brenda, her face and even her lips absolutely colorless.

"I'll have to," said the captain.

"And suppose that I answer all your questions now?" she asked.

Neale struck his hand down upon the table.

"You can go home just as soon as you've done it," he declared, and at that moment a man in plain clothes, but with the unmistakable stamp of the police upon him, entered the room and saluted his superior.

"Excuse me for a minute," said Neale, and, accompanied by the man who had just appeared upon the scene, he stepped out into the hall.

Brenda turned to Dr. Blair, who was leaning against the mantelpiece.

"Dr. Blair," she whispered, "you will not say that it was I whom you saw leaving this house?"

"No," replied the physician slowly; "I will not."

"What does this mean?" demanded Alden.

Dr. Blair regarded Alden steadily for some seconds before he said with that careful measuring of words that doctors learn:

"I have informed the police that as I was passing this house, very near to the time when this deed was done, I saw a person—a woman—come out and walk away hurriedly toward Broadway."

"A woman!" repeated Alden, as if speaking without volition.

"She cannot be accounted for," continued the doctor. "No one knows who she is or why she was here or how she got into the house. As to the last point, however, I will say this: I had a room in this house for a few weeks while repairs were in progress at No. 160, where I live, and I then noticed that the spring lock on the front door did

not always hold. If the lock has not been repaired, there may be an explanation of some mysterious points in this case."

If there had been an eye upon Detective Elmendorf at this moment, it would have noted that he was much interested, but no one was looking at him. He himself was observing Brenda closely.

Alden had begun to pace the floor, his hand upon his forehead.

"I can't stay here any longer," he said suddenly. "I must see Elsie. I must know—Jack! How came you here?"

The question was addressed to a young man who entered with Captain Neale. He was in his normal state, a rather handsome fellow, with the eyes that the Greeks admired (for women) and a broad forehead above them, but in this moment his face was distorted with excitement and striped with perspiration that trickled from his forehead. The total effect was somewhat grotesque, especially because the man was inclined to fatness and was a trifle conspicuous in the matter of attire.

"This is dreadful, dreadful!" he cried. "I can't believe it!"

"You're Mr. Robinson, who carried the note to Miss Miller," said Neale.

"That's why I sent a man to your house."

"Yes," said Robinson, turning to Alden. "I didn't go back to the office immediately. I went over to the place where I live. I was just going down town again when a policeman met me at the door."

"Did you know what was in that note?" asked Neale.

"I knew there was money," was the reply, "but I didn't know how much. It was sealed when Mr. Alden gave it to me. He said there was money in it. That was why I brought it instead of giving it to a messenger boy."

"What happened here?" the captain asked.

"Nothing," answered Robinson. "I gave the note to Elsie!"

"To whom?" said the captain.

"To Miss Miller; that is what I said. I gave the note to Miss Miller, and she opened it by the window. I didn't see any money. I wasn't in the room ten seconds—merely long enough to ask if there was any answer, and she said no. Then I went away."

"Meet anybody?"

"The captain dropped into a chair.

"The servant who let me in was passing through the hall as I went out."

"That's important," said the captain. "It fixes you all right. The servant stopped at Miss Miller's door, knocked, asked a question and got an answer. Then she went along down stairs."

"Fixes me!" gasped Robinson. "Is anybody crazy enough to think I did this?"

"No," said the captain. "You're out of it. And now, Mr. Alden, let me tell you that I've just had a report from the hospital. The girl is alive, and the doctors think she has a fair chance."

"What does she say?" exclaimed Robinson.

"She hasn't said anything yet," replied the captain. "And now let's get on with our little affairs here. I guess you can't help us any, Mr. Robinson, so if you'll just take a seat in the parlor!"

He waited till the young man had passed out of the room. "Now, Miss MacLane, I'd like to know a little more about you if it's perfectly agreeable."

"I am the daughter of Duncan MacLane," said Brenda.

At the mention of this wealthy and widely known man Neale softly whistled.

"It ain't possible," he said, "that you are the young lady with a lot of money and a high social position that you mentioned awhile ago as being engaged to our friend here?"

"I am the woman," replied Brenda.

"And the engagement's been broken off? When?"

"Captain!" began Alden, but the officer raised his hand.

"A bargain's a bargain," he said. "I was to have the truth. When was the engagement broken off?"

"This afternoon," answered Brenda firmly. "I went down to Mr. Alden's office at half past 1. I had expected to see him last evening, but—"

"He didn't come?"

Brenda inclined her head.

"I went to his office," she said, "and in the conversation between us there I released him from his engagement."

"That must have been a hard blow for you, Mr. Alden," said the captain.

"What do you mean?" demanded Alden. "If you have the delicacy to appreciate my feeling?"

"I was thinking especially about your business," said Neale. "I'm told your firm is in the last ditch, and that your engagement to Duncan MacLane's daughter is about all that holds you up. That's what my man told me just now."

"He told you a lie," said Alden, but with the same monotonous tone, as if his utterance was mechanical and his mind upon another matter. "My affairs were never before so prosperous as they are today."

"That won't do," responded the captain. "I have positive proof!"

"You know nothing about it," said Alden. "I have other interests than those of my firm."

"What other interests?"

"I decline to answer."

"Where did you go when you left your office after sending that note?"

"I will not tell you."

"Why not?" queried the captain in his most persuasive tone. "Oh, perhaps you don't know these other gentlemen. They'll step into the hall or out on to the balcony. I've no doubt."

"It will make no difference," replied Alden.

"What you say will be confidential, of course."

"Captain Neale," said Alden, "this is a business secret that is worth a good deal of money. If I should tell it to any man, he could force payment for his silence."

"You don't mean to say that I'd do a thing like that?" demanded Neale.

"I have no wish to offend," said Alden, "but you want the truth, and you shall have it. Your reputation, like that of many another man high up in the department, is bad—as bad as it can be. Remembering that this business matter involves others than myself, I won't trust you with a hint of it. That is my last word on that subject."

Neale's face turned red and white in strange, irregular spots.

"Now hear a word from me," he said. "I've been looking you up. You are a ruined man. You were engaged to this girl, and it was all that saved you. But you couldn't be honest even with her. You made love to this Elsie Miller, and you neglected Miss MacLane, and she wouldn't stand for it. But by that time you were so involved with Miss Miller that you couldn't break away. So what did you do? Why, you wrote her a note telling a fairy story about a lot of money, knowing that the note would be found and would make the case look like robbery. You told her how busy you were, and five minutes afterward you quit work and came up town. You had a key to this house; you came here!"

"Do you mean to accuse me of this?"

The words came from between Alden's teeth, and he strode toward Neale, who put the table between them and drew his revolver.

"Wallace!" he called.

A policeman entered from the hall.

"That man is under arrest," said Neale. "Take him in."

"This is monstrous," said Alden, but he spoke coolly. "You shall answer for it."

"We'll talk about that later," rejoined the captain. "You go with that man."

Brenda crossed the room quickly and took Alden's hand.

"I will do everything that I can for you," she said, "and for her."

"You're coming along, too," said Neale. "No; I'll stand by what I said. Go home."

Alden opened his mouth to speak and then closed it again. He turned and went out of the room with the policeman, Brenda following immediately and Dr. Blair a moment later. Elmendorf and Neale remained.

The captain dropped into a chair.

"I don't know as I done right," he said.

Elmendorf walked across the room and looked at a picture on the wall between the windows. It was a photographic copy of Nealestein's painting of "Tantalus." The unfortunate king who divulged the secrets of Zeus was represented chained to the rock, starving while the fruit laden boughs waved just beyond his reach. It was a painful picture, quite out of keeping with all else in the room, and Elmendorf regarded it curiously. A few lines, telling the legend, were printed below, and the detective read them.

"Well, he looks it," he said, glancing up at the face of Tantalus. "And, by the way, Neale, you don't think Alden did this thing, do you?"

"Not on your life!" said the captain. "The case is perfectly plain. It may be that I didn't do the smart thing."

Elmendorf turned away.

"Arresting a man for murder just because he calls you a thief when you know you are one," said he, "isn't exactly my idea of wisdom."

Neale sprang to his feet and faced Elmendorf angrily.

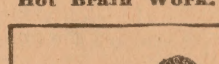
"Not with me, Joe Neale," said the detective. "It won't work."

[To be Continued.]

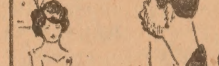
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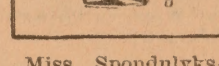
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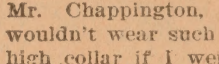
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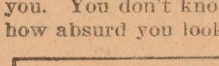
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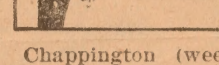
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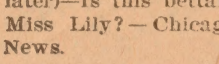
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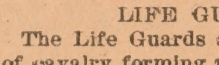
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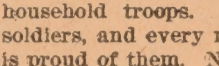
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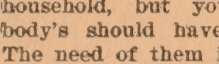
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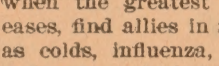
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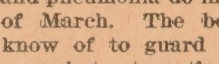
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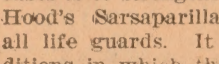
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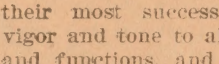
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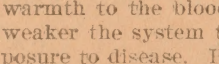
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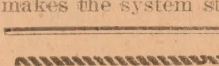
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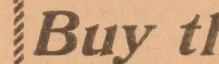
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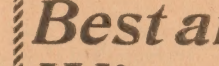
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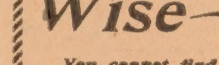
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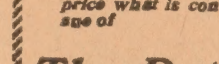
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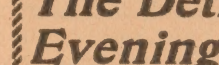
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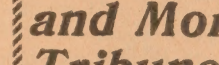
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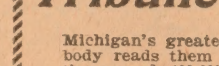
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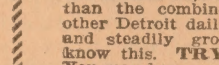
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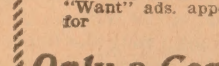
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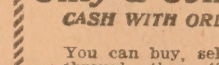
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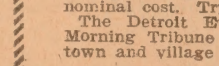
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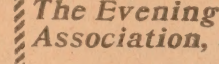
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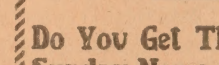
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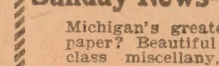
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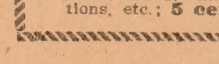
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The Girl WHO IS A Social Success

SHE has to be a human chameleon," remarked the first old lady as she settled herself more comfortably in the "dowagers' corner" of the ballroom.

"Meaning the girl who is a social success

